

THE FRONT PAGE

What the Farmer Wants

IT IS gradually becoming possible to get a clearer idea of what the Western Canadian farmers had in their minds when they sought and obtained the present five-year bilateral wheat agreement between Canada and Britain. Mr. John H. Wesson, president of the Saskatchewan Pool, told its members the other day that "We would have greatly preferred an agreement international in its scope, but we regarded the British deal as a step in the right direction."

An agreement international in its scope obviously means a worldwide arrangement setting a world price for a term of years — the dream of wheat "planners" and "controllers" for many years past. This utterance means that the Western farmers are still aiming at the most tremendous piece of worldwide planned economy that has ever been outlined in definite terms, that they still hope to attain it, and that the existing partial but still very extensive agreement, with the large apparent sacrifice which it involves to the wheat producer of today in Canada, is regarded by them as justified because it is a step in the direction of the realization of this dream, and because it is a postponement of the event to which the same Western farmer is so bitterly hostile, and which he regards as the one event which might block his worldwide agreement for many years to come — the reopening of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, the mechanism which is essential to the restoration of open marketing.

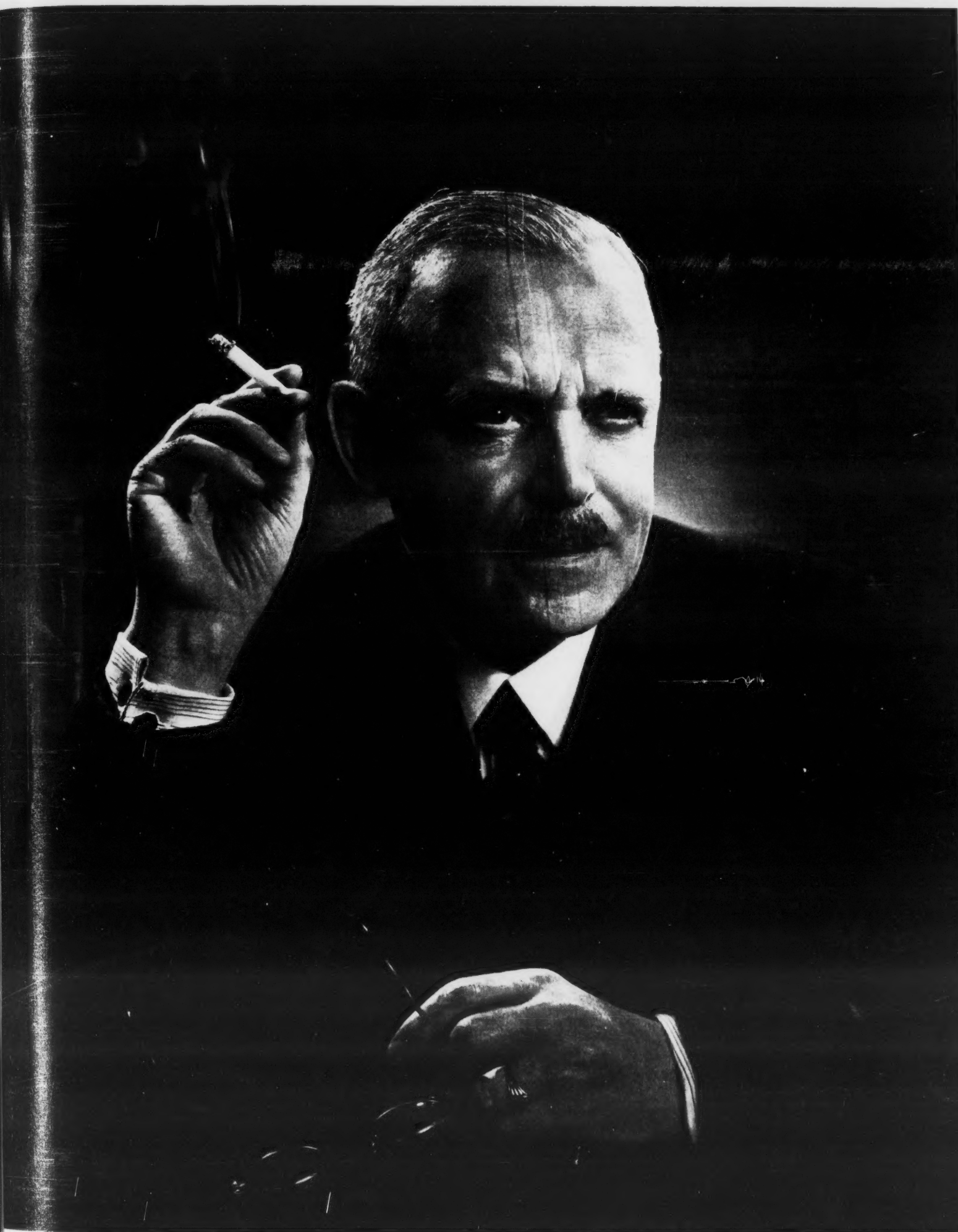
Whether this same Western farmer realizes the gigantic boost which the success of his scheme would give to the authoritarianism of governments the world over we do not know. It means, at the lowest estimate, the establishment by a supra-national authority of an exact schedule of the amount of wheat to be allotted to every single country in the world in every single year. If that amount should be insufficient to meet the demands of consumers in any country it means the establishment of an internal authority to determine the ration to be allotted to individuals. If the amount of wheat which nature consents to grant should fall gravely short of world requirements, it means the establishment of compulsions to make farmers cultivate more acreage than the fixed price would induce them to cultivate. In the long run it would almost certainly mean the establishment of the same sort of controls and allotments for many other foodstuffs closely related to wheat. A very different, and a much less free world than that to which we have been accustomed.

Peace and Order

WE VERY earnestly wish that a number of sincere but badly informed friends of liberty in Canada, both individuals and newspapers, would abandon the habit of asserting that liberty can be adequately preserved by action of the Dominion Parliament alone, without any change in the constitution, on the ground that the constitution declares (to quote a recent article in the *Winnipeg Free Press*) that "Parliament may pass laws for the peace, order and good government of Canada." The constitution declares no such thing, and Parliament has no such power.

Once again we must remind our readers that what the constitution does declare is that Parliament has power "to make laws for the peace, order and good government of Canada, in relation to all matters not coming within the classes of subjects assigned exclusively to the Legislatures of the provinces." Parliament can pass no law, however much it be for the peace, order and good government of Canada, in relation to any matter coming within these provincial classes of subjects. Parliament can pass no law, however essential for the peace, order and good government of Canada, in relation to any matter coming within the class of

(Continued on Page Five)



—Photo by Karsh

Canada's next Prime Minister? It is understood that the Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent, distinguished French Canadian statesman, will succeed Mr. King as leader of the Liberal Party at a party convention next year.

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Idle Pressure Chambers Annoyed French Doctor

By Jules Vernier



Dr. Max Richou has been investigating the effects of high altitudes on humans for years. Even he is not sure why pressure-chamber cure for whooping cough is effective in 70 per cent of cases.



Unaware that she is about to become a statistic of the research department on aeronautical biology, this youngster is welcomed by a hostess on arrival at the Air Ministry in Paris.



Six children and four mothers are going on this trip to 12,000 feet. Actual flights were made at first before use of pressure chamber.



The hostess is telling them what the trip will be like. The third week of the complaint is considered best but some of these children have come to take the treatment after having the cough for several months.



Patients climb into the van which houses the pressure chamber; most of the children find it as thrilling as a first flight. The doctor and a nurse will be inside van during operation, also a mechanic to work engines.



Patients wait with mixed feelings for experiment to start; the children have toys and books, most of them will fall asleep later.

SOME lucky children in Paris have found that even whooping cough can have a silver lining. They are acting as guinea pigs for the "flying doctor" of the French Air Ministry, Dr. Max Richou.

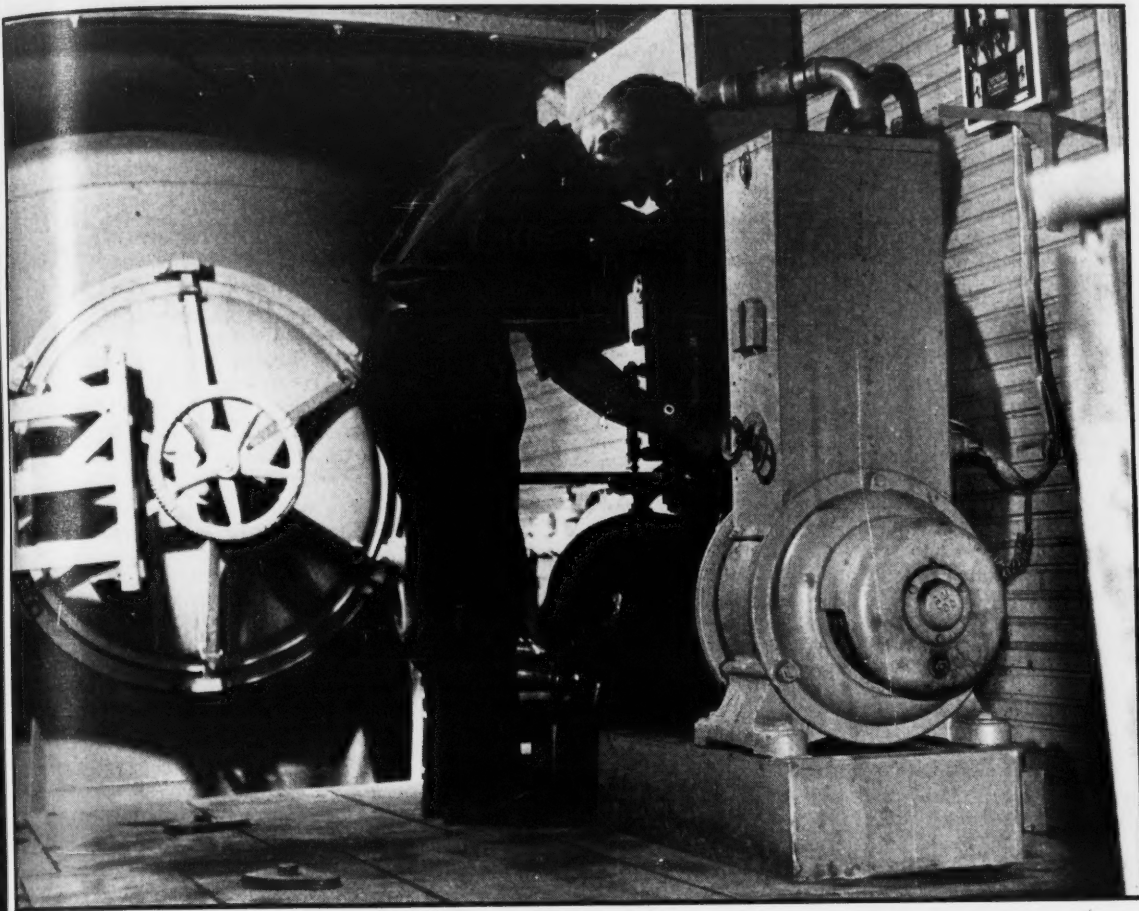
The hat out of which conjuror Richou produces his guinea pigs is a pressure chamber, an airtight, earth-bound, bathysphere-like container big enough for a dozen small patients and their escorts to enter. Then the pressure is lowered. After an hour and a quarter, three-quarters of an hour of which is spent at the equivalent of 12,000 feet, the kiddies are gently "lowered to earth" and emerge with hardly a whoop left in them. And not only children. A 38-year-old doctor, who had caught whooping cough from a child patient, and an old lady of 75 have also taken the trip with complete success.

So far Dr. Richou has treated nearly 2,000 cases; twenty per cent have experienced an immediate cure, and the overall figure of successes (complete cure within a week) is over seventy per cent.

THE importance of all this lies in the importance of whooping cough itself. In France, for instance, it is second only to paralysis in the infantile mortality lists, generally claiming its victims among babies less than a year old.

Dr. Richou has done a lot of fly-

Now He Cures Whooping Cough With Their Aid

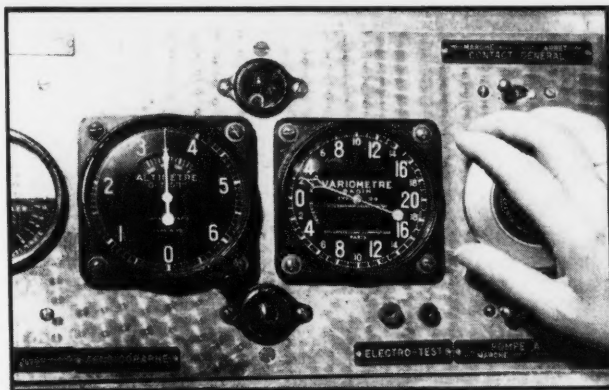


Applying the pressure; a mechanic starts the electric motors of the compressor. At left is the pressure chamber; operation lasts for an hour and a quarter, most of time at 12,000 feet.

ing himself, and began to specialize in aeronautical treatment while working as airport doctor at Le Bourget aerodrome. He once spent 48 hours at an atmospheric pressure equivalent to 25,000 feet, and another time he spent 20 hours at over 30,000 feet. This was in 1938, when there were plans for high altitude transatlantic flights for which practical medical data were lacking. Dr. Richou's work on these lines proved very useful during the war, and he finished up as a specialist adviser to U.S. Army Air Force in England.

No one at the *Centre de Biologie Aeronautique* is quite sure how the whooping cough cure started. It appears that Dr. Richou's busy mind could not bear the sight of wartime pressure chambers lying unused. So he started a new line of research, with astonishingly good results. The idea was not new, because asthma and other complaints have been sporadically and experimentally treated with actual plane flights.

The research angle lies in explaining the cure; Dr. Richou has only theories as to why it is effective. And one question puzzles him. What happens in places like Bolivia, for instance, where the national aerodrome is already 12,000 feet above sea level? What ravages does *la coqueluche* work there? And what are they doing about it? So far no one has told him.



Going up; altimeter reads 3,500 metres, nearly 11,000 feet; knob controls the flow of oxygen.



Anxious father holding clothes of his wife and little boy finds it tiring waiting outside the van.



With hostess telling her everything will be all right, one of the mothers who did not go up has a look inside chamber to see how her child is getting on.



End of the trial with specialist Richou lending a hand. Patients must wait a week to see if they are among the lucky seven out of every ten who are cured.



The doctor keeps his eye on patients, and can talk to them through a mike.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Does World Food Situation Need Renewed Government Controls?

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN THE "Washington Letter" (S.N., Oct. 4) your correspondent suggests that in certain quarters considerations of party politics appear to outweigh the necessities of starving Europe; at the same time he says: "Many an American today is seriously recalling the virtues of regulations that kept food and clothing prices down in wartime." Further on he quotes a Republican Senator: "To resort to this remedy (reintroduction of controls) in peacetime would be to abandon all we fought for, and to surrender to a government-controlled economy."

Not so. We fought for the privilege of governing ourselves. It apparently does not occur to the worthy Senator that even in the most advanced democracies it is a function of government to exercise control when control is necessary. "Laissez-faire" is not an exchangeable term for "Liberty."

The world food situation not merely justifies, but positively necessitates, drastic government control. The Truman plan to restrict food consumption on the part of the individual American has at least one serious defect, in that it requires a national duty to be performed only by the self-disciplined and the compassionate.

We constantly hear the parrot-cry that now the war is over controls must be cast overboard. But the war is not over. Psychologically, a state of war exists all over the civilized world. All-important treaties have yet to be signed, involving financial obligations to be assumed by nations now living, for the most part, on the charity of their Western conquerors. Moreover, every really important measure of reform and rehabilitation approved by the United Nations Organization has been black-balled by Russia.

Can this by any stretch of the imagination be called "Peace"? Can the new Communist Manifesto be regarded as an instrument of Peace? Is there peace at home — peace in

industry? Six hundred thousand tons of sorely-needed coal were lost in the Yorkshire walk-out; here in Canada, meat supplies have been very literally "cut to the bone", while south of our border strikes are ended, only to be renewed. Is this peace?

Can we wonder that new demands for ever higher wages are made by the Trade Unions when such staple foods as meat and butter are hoisted in price fifty per cent by the stroke of a decontrolling pen? Drop controls in a world of high pressure demand, and you inevitably get inflation.

Permit me to state three propositions: 1) Any government invites strikes by encouraging inflation. 2) The value of money, like any other commodity, can be expressed only in terms of the goods and services for which it may be exchanged. 3) The surest way to avoid business depressions, and consequent unemployment, is to take all possible measures to prevent inflation.

Lennoxville, Que.

H. C. BURT

Wages and Culture

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR article, "Labor Does Not Realize Today Its Power To Destroy Its Own Markets" (S.N., Sept. 27), you say, speaking of the Great Depression, that due to the wage policy of organized labor "the inevitable adjustment took the form of reducing output instead of reducing prices". This creates the impression, which I am sure you do not mean to create, that output in a depression would not have to be reduced if wages could be lowered without hindrance. The evidence shows, of course, that output in some, but not all, depressions fell to the limit before as well as after the trade unions obtained their present power. This limit is reached when the number of people in employment constitutes the minimum that is necessary to keep a human society functioning.

The minimum number of people who must be employed to keep society functioning is independent of economic causes. It is dependent on the social and cultural level of a population. Consequently, the output of goods and services produced by this minimum number—and, thus, the general misery caused by a depression—depends on the volume of purchasing power that gets into their hands currently. And the volume of this purchasing power depends on the strength or otherwise of the trade-union movement. By the same token, a depression is not likely, in "normal" conditions, to descend to the minimum level where the trade-union movement succeeds in keeping wages as high as it can to begin with.

New Orleans, La.

R. M. COPER

Sunday Sports

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I AM neither a minister nor a church member. Kimball McIlroy is a good writer. But one wishes he did not spoil his eulogy of our ministers (limited though that eulogy was) with his sneer as to the convenience of using sermons "to castigate some benighted disagreeer." (S.N., Sept. 27).

I suggest that for the present generation (and probably for the previous one too) there have been only two arguments urged by any important group of the Sunday Observer type:

(1) That youngsters, (the "kids" Mr. McIlroy talks sympathetically about) should not be handed by public authorities the easy alternative of Sunday School or Sport—at the same hour. If the kids' rink or playground is open at the hours when the church is not on, few will object. Can it be kept at that? Kids in grade-school are hardly at a stage to judge the value of a "holy" day.

(2) That in general no adult sports or amusements on Sunday are a matter for public censure provided they do not mean an invasion of the traditional peace of the day for commercial gain.

Golf does not interfere to any important degree. (The players far exceed the groundsman, caddies etc. There is no gallery. Similarly with tennis, lawn bowls, water sports). Hockey and baseball do. With them it is not a matter of exercise, but of the gate—the cash gain to a club or league.

I stand for a "sensible Sunday". But can we balance the claims? I confess I hardly see the way out. How to hold back a steadily encroaching commercialism? If Mr. McIlroy has a solution that will keep clear (for a generation, not merely for the first season) of these two difficulties, he will be gratefully listened to.

Swift Current, Sask. G. C. THOMSON

Canada on Security Council

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN AN editorial entitled "Our Role at Lake Success" (S.N., Sept. 20), you say, in reference to Canada's seat on the Security Council, that "the secret of the success of Middle Powers like Canada lies in their detachment from the interests and passions of power politics that naturally absorb much of the attention of the Great Powers." With that analysis I agree, when one considers the big-time, power-politics game now in progress. If it is intended as advice to our representative, it is good advice—although it is negative.

However, right afterward you express the hope that "our (Canada's) representative on the Security Council will be quite content to be Middling and will not aspire to Greatness." If our role as a Security Council member is to be as devoid of responsibility as you suggest, why do we bother to take the seat at all? If the same advice of abstention is given to other "Middling" Powers who happen to be members, power politics will have a clear track ahead. Is it that we want the prestige without the responsibility? Don't you think that a little, honest-to-goodness, unselfish aspiring after "Greatness"—not the power politic kind on the one hand or the yes-man kind on the other—is just what U.N. needs? We might put it as simply as this: let's hope Canada does as good a job as Australia did.

Hamilton, Ont. H. BERTRAM WRIGHT

ED. NOTE: For an opinion on what Canada's participation in the Security Council should mean to the nation see Ottawa Letter, page 8.

Laughing at Great Men

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE article by Mr. Paul Duval (S.N., Sept. 27) impresses one that its author knows a great deal about art and artists and Canadians but little about Soviet Russians. He wants them to laugh at their leaders. Why? He doesn't expect us to laugh at King George and the Royal Family. Lenin and Stalin are better than kings to the Soviet people, for they are the immortal emancipators. One might as well ask Englishmen to laugh at Robin Hood or at the makers of the Magna Charta as to ask the Soviets to laugh at their own great men.

Ottawa, Ont.

HELEN GILLANDERS

Saskatchewan Farmers

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. ENGLEBERT states (S.N., Oct. 4), "Farmers in Saskatchewan are becoming increasingly resentful of higher taxes under C.C.F. administration." What is his authority for this statement? He damns with faint praise the positive achievements of the Saskatchewan Government which he readily admits. Then in the role of a self-appointed prophet he conjures the dire calamities that may accrue to the Government if all the "Ifs", "Shoulds" and "Buts" which he injects into his highly colored imaginings come true. He admits a certain amount of initiative worthy of great commendation for the many constructive efforts, which have resulted in benefits to all, but he fears that under stress the C.C.F. administration will be found wanting. What is his basis for this attitude of mind?

He queries naively, "Where can state-owned enterprises find managers of acumen and daring?" This is easily

Passing Show

ANGERED at the small size of his pork chop, a Montreal diner attacked the restaurant proprietor with a knife. Perhaps this was too direct a way of going after a larger pork chop.

One section of the British Socialists seems to have received a kick in the Shinwell.

Pakistan is against Partition. O yes, only in Palestine.

Mr. Vishinsky was a good prosecutor in the Russian purge trials, but at Lake Success he has the disadvantage that President Truman has not "confessed" yet.

Trash Basket

A little heap of apple pips;
Folders suggesting summer trips;
The last three days' rejection slips.

A blotter that I've doodled on;
A memo that I'm overdrawn;
"The Wayward Bus" by Steinbeck (John).

J.E.P.

Newspapers should never use unnecessary words. "Mr. King says he will not retire in the very near future." "Mr. King says he will not retire in the near future." "Mr. King says he will not retire in the future." Oh, hang it all—"Mr. King says he will not retire."

A German girl tried to ship herself by air-express to her fiancé in the U.S.A. And if she is like the girls we know she marked herself C.O.D.

In Dublin a statue of Queen Victoria is being removed to make way for a parking space. The statue is not amused.

answered. Anyone may examine the list of officers of the C.N.R., the Hydro in Ontario and the Post Office of Canada. Brains and genius have been

Democracy is something that people who haven't got it die to get, and people who have got it forget to use.

The Rt. Hon. Ian Mackenzie proposes a population for Canada of 25,000,000 by 1972. This is dangerous ground for a man that has just been married.

Alarming Situation

Who would pay taxes for a fire brigade if any one of the five richest citizens could veto its being called out?

C. H. Millard told a labor meeting that Premier Duplessis was getting more attention than he deserved. Premier Duplessis feels that that is not possible.

About the only country that is giving no trouble about the German peace treaty is Germany.

The Belgrade Bureau will have the function of "coordinating the activities of the Communist parties on a basis of mutual agreement." The parties, in their several nations, will have the function of declaring that their activities are not coordinated.

A speaker in Montreal says that newspapers are mirrors reflecting the community. The trouble is that some of them are a bit cracked.

Java Good Breakfast?

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand
Masquerade as coffee
At the hamburger-stand.

J.E.P.

"Buffalo is Bearish on Canadian Dollar," says a headline. This is the sort of thing that cows the bulls.

Lucy says she doesn't think the Coalition Government in British Columbia can last much longer; the Hart has gone out of it.

fairly evenly distributed and even the C.C.F. claim a few such assets.

EDWARD H. THOMAS

Collingwood, Ont.

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Photo by Keith

The Rt. Hon. Thibaud Rinfret, Canada's Chief Justice, whose elevation to the Imperial Privy Council has recently been announced. Born in 1879, he was educated at St. Mary's College and McGill University where for ten years he was Professor of Municipal Law and Public Utilities. He was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada in 1924 and Chief Justice of Canada in 1944. A member of several clubs in Ottawa, Montreal and Paris, Mr. Justice Rinfret has three sons and a daughter.

The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

subjects designated as "Property and civil rights."

That that class has been improperly extended, at the expense of certain classes expressly assigned to the Dominion, we have very little doubt, nor that the present tendency in the higher courts is to curtail that extension so far as is possible without too obvious inconsistency. But that will not get us very far. The "emergency" doctrine under which the powers of the Dominion were made almost absolute during the war (because in wartime almost anything can be considered as "coming within" the subject of Defence) is obviously of no use whatever as a basis for any permanent restriction of provincial powers in matters relating to the liberty of the subject.

No "Bill of Rights" which is merely enacted by the Dominion Parliament can affect by one iota the powers of the provincial Legislatures as assigned to them by the B.N.A. Act. If the people of Canada really desire to curb the powers of both Parliament and the Legislatures in the interests of the liberty of the subject, they will have to adopt an amendment to the B.N.A. Act. And to do that they will have to adopt a procedure for amending the B.N.A. Act in regard to the powers of the provinces without requiring the consent and cooperation of each and every province. And that is some job.

Prices and the Pro.-Cons.

IT IS difficult to know where the Progressive-Conservative Party now stands on the matter of prices. Those of us whose memory goes back as far as the last two sessions of parliament will not recall any outstanding speeches from members of that party which urged any price policy other than decontrol as soon as possible. But now we read, in the *Globe and Mail*, a speech by Mr. John Bracken urging an immediate special session of parliament "to solve the rising cost of living" and other matters. Just as his own party's policy has been put into effect, with virtually all prices now freed from control. Mr. Bracken apparently wants to reopen the whole matter.

Many of the things that he and his followers have been urging are bound to raise prices, not lower them; in addition to rapid price decontrol they have pressed for lower taxes (which would release greater floods of purchasing power), relaxed export controls (which would accentuate shortages in the Canadian market), exchange depreciation (which would increase the cost of all our imports), and so forth. We think that strong arguments can be made and have been made for policies such as these; it is possible, though unpopular at the moment, to argue that a dose of inflation now may be a good thing for the country in the long run. But the Pro.-Cons. do not seem to have the courage of what seem to be their convictions; they chase after whatever is popular at the moment, only to find that on important national issues they stand equally for anything or nothing.

Interprovincial War

THE Saskatchewan Government, which is not particularly fond of private enterprise, has imposed an extremely stiff royalty on pottery clay produced within its territory. Almost the whole of this pottery clay is used in the adjacent province of Alberta, where the making of pottery and pipe and tile is highly favored by the presence of large quantities of natural gas. The clay fields are owned by the Alberta interests which operate the potteries.

There is available on this continent plenty of pottery clay on which no royalty is charged by the province or state in which it is produced, but none of it is so handy to the Alberta potteries as the Saskatchewan product. The scale of royalty now being imposed is calculated to make it more profitable for the Alberta potteries to employ clay from British Columbia or the United States. It seems possible that the intention may be to diminish the value of clay deposits to their present owners with a view to their acquisition by the Saskatchewan Government and the setting up of province-owned potteries in which the higher cost of fuel will



WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE

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be partially concealed by the ultimate abandonment of the royalty (which will become meaningless when the deposits are publicly owned) and partially offset by the increased cost imposed on the Alberta potteries by their freight charges on more distant clay.

The policies of the Saskatchewan Government have been such that it is quite inconceivable that any private capital will enter the province while it remains in power. Since a certain amount of new capital expenditure is essential to the economic health of the province, it has become necessary that it should be provided on government account. Some of the enterprises set on foot for this purpose have been well conceived, though it remains to be seen whether they will be well carried out. But the disposition to use the power of the Crown to obtain special advantages at the expense of private enterprises, and especially of private enterprises in other provinces, is most dangerous, and can hardly fail to lead to retaliation and finally to a full-scale economic war between socialist and non-socialist provinces.

Royal Wedding Gift

ANY girl likes a mink coat, and we are sure that Princess Elizabeth will be pleased with the coat of Canadian skins made up by a famous Canadian furrier that is to be part of our country's wedding present to her. But we are not so happy about the other part of the gift which, according to the announcement, is to be some antique silver suitably inscribed.

We like the idea of silver, which can be mined and wrought here; but why antique? Canadian

designers of silverware and Canadian silversmiths are not the best in the world, but they can do very fine work—probably as good as Canadian furriers. The Princess herself would probably rather have some new and distinctively Canadian silverware, (as with the coat, we would make sure in advance that she liked the design), than some old-fashioned pieces however rare and valuable. This is not an antique land and we should not go in for antique gifts.

Refugee Doctors

TRADE unionists are for the most part sensible, generous people who are not unduly pig-headed, short-sighted or selfish until they fall into the hands of some leader who convinces them that they should be; and there are no unions of which this is more true than the unions of doctors and physicians in various parts of the world. Thus we were not at all surprised, although disappointed, by a statement issued by the General Secretary of the Canadian Medical Association on his return from Europe.

He said, according to reports, that the refugee doctors in Europe are very rusty because they have not practised for many years, that they would be unable to speak our language and settle down in rural Canada where our need for doctors is greatest, and that, in any case, medical services are far more urgently needed in Europe than in Canada so it would be waste to bring them over here.

What he should have said was that since the need in Europe was so great the Canadian

doctors were going to see that a substantial number of the rusty refugee doctors got a complete re-training without delay in Canada, and that if when the time came for the refugees to go back (back to where? these people are completely homeless and rootless!) there was any difficulty about it, they would be helped to settle down in rural Canada for by that time they would know enough of our language (or languages) and customs to be really useful and happy citizens.

Different, isn't it?

What Is Monopoly?

AT the recent meeting of the Canadian Congress of Labor one of the speakers charged that "Communism in its present form is fundamentally monopolistic and so is Capitalism." In a sense this is true and so, we should like to add, is trade unionism.

If we had to define monopoly we should say that it is a getting-together of the top-dogs at the expense of the under-dogs. The word carries the idea that some people are combining, collaborating, conspiring to do some other people in. This is a very common urge, and it goes much further back in history than capitalism, communism, or trade-unionism.

Big business has many advantages over small business in buying, producing and selling. But the advantages of bigness are not to be seen in industry alone; they are everywhere. Municipal governments lose powers and activities to provincial governments, provincial governments to federal governments, federal governments to the United Nations. The huge trade union with thousands of contributing members has every advantage over the small independent local union which, indeed, has become almost extinct. Thus in the field of labor as elsewhere, a great deal of power is going into a few hands.

The remedy is not, as the Canadian Congress of Labor seemed to feel when it officially endorsed the C.C.F. Party, to put a great deal more power in some other hands, that is in the hands of the government at Ottawa. The only real remedy is constant vigilance on the part of a well informed public to see that power does not become too highly concentrated and that it is, in general and without too many important exceptions, used for the public good. To save ourselves from tyranny by capitalists, trade unionists, farm lobbies, bureaucrats and politicians, we should aim to keep a balance of power between their various groups. Power is like butter: spread thinly it gives flavor and builds life, but the human stomach cannot stand it in lumps.

Cash for Culture

IT IS a staggering and repulsive thought, but Canadian art and literature are turning out to be profitable; some of our long-haired boys (and short-haired girls) are in the big money; they are pulling down the real blue chips of today—American dollars. Not that most of us have any right to be proud about it; only a very few individuals, and even fewer businesses, have devoted time and money to encouraging our struggling artists and writers and musicians. However, perhaps we shall do better in the future; anyone who would like to help, but does not know how, should get in touch with the Canada Foundation (56 Sparks Street, Ottawa) which was started not long ago by a number of people with the right ideas.

In case there is any doubt, by the way, about the filthy lucre that is coming into Canada some sordid statistics might be convincing. A well-known Canadian novelist is reported to have got \$100,000 for screen rights alone, plus \$10,000 for magazine serial rights, plus \$75,000 for book rights and royalties in advance, with much more to come. Another Canadian novelist is undoubtedly earning U.S. royalties that are getting on for six figures. A Canadian who lives in a small prairie town and writes regularly for an American magazine gets more than \$12,000 a year out of this alone. A brilliant young Canadian musician journeys down to Hollywood every now and then and earns some wages that look stupendous even in California.

Other creative artists of ours find American tourists beating pathways to their doors. A craftsman in pottery keeps \$36 in U.S. money whenever a visitor goes back to the United States with a cup and saucer he has made; one of his pitchers is worth about \$20 (empty). And although we hide them as best we can, some Canadian paintings get bought by the really persistent travellers at prices, for a full-sized canvas, ranging up and down from \$500 each.

A Poet's Guide to Fishing

IF, BY mischance an innocent, you come To laze your holiday away beside a lake Well cabined and well lodged, lured by the taste And gleam of rainbow or of Kamloops trout— Learn, or forever be in doubt!

For here, fisherman's feast is not the fish But talk of it. They feed on bacon, eggs, Hotcakes and sausages; never partake, In the flesh, of the precious and solitary catch But cache it in a cooler, or strip bare Of bone and smoke it in the sun for flies to thumb.

And all day long steaming in the sun's wake On the tepid water all day long they bake Casting and reeling, behind putt-putt or leaning on oar,

Mocked by the sleek black face of the loon Who follows after, listens to his own rattle And laughs once more; or as a final shot He imitates the hoarse hoot of a train Throbbing through wilderness on precarious rail Bringing more fishermen with last week's mail.

At meals their conversation needs no spur And knows no lag; each story is the same Rehearsed and played: What length of line, what lure What size of worm, what lead? If none is used Then that is also said. And then the note supreme:

"He bit. I reeled him in. A good five pound, I'd say; But did he play! I got him to the boat—"

Manoeuvred net to noose him; when he jumped High as the rod; and snapped his way to home. And that was how the day went, that is why I came light-handed with no fish to fry."

And others, taking up the tale, will muse For hours upon the proper hour, the time The creatures feed. At noon, or after noon? Or if the chilly dawn draws hunger on? Or evening, with her cool caressing breeze, Or none of these? Only in day's high heat Will trout be indiscreet, and please to bite.

AND after drawing no conclusion, save The unspoken one, which each in secret knows,—

The one true hour—the argument becomes More heated over place: what pool or point What shadowed recess at the end of lake Close in—far out?—in dark or shallow depths Where sun betrays the bottom? North or south?

And having chosen his own sanctuary What master of the art would look serene Should some outsider nudge his innocent way Into the precincts of his plot, his bay?

We draw the curtain down on expletive And ignorance of how to play the game. It's evident that even the uninitiated can If he be most intent upon these rules Become, within a day, a master hand And even talk the poor fish into fools.

DOROTHY LIVESAY

might be more merciful; but the new system makes sure of first extracting the last ounce of work from the victim.

By a public decree on the very day following the abolition of the death penalty, high honors—30 Orders of Lenin, 6 Orders of the Red Banner, 43 of the Fatherland War, first class, and many lesser decorations—were showered on those officials of the Public Prosecutor's office who during the previous twenty-five years had liquidated several million Soviet citizens.

Abolition of Death Penalty

This adds special interest to a statement issued on May 26, 1947, by the official Soviet news agency Tass, in a commentary on the abolition of the death penalty: "While reactionaries and protectors of fascists are camouflaging themselves as 'democrats', raising muddy waves of anti-Soviet and anti-Communist propaganda, scouring the world like so many beasts of prey with designs for a new world war, at this very moment the U.S.S.R. proclaims to the world that we have abolished capital punishment, that in our country the democratic regime is so strong that it does not need such severe measures to punish its adversaries."

The next week there appeared, under date of June 4, 1947, two decrees of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet for the protection of property. Theft of state property, or that of collective farms, is to be punished by from 7 to 25 years of forced-labor in a camp of correction; that of private property by from 5 to 20 years. The penalty for "not reporting such crimes" is from one to five years of forced-labor, or from four to seven years deportation to very distant parts. One begins to suspect that in the U.S.S.R. property rights, as over against human rights, are stressed much more than in the capitalist countries.

Nor are we left in the dark as to the actual administration of the law. *Pravda* for July 9, 1947, published an official "Notice from the Prosecutor-General of the U.S.S.R." (reproduced photostatically on page 6), listing the details of ten typical, run-of-the-mill cases under the new legislation. The purpose of the notice was to educate the Russian public as to how the law is to be implemented. The ten cases were as follows:

- (1) At Saratov, B. F. Yudin, who had pilfered once before, stole a fish from a fish-curing plant. Sentence: 15 years' hard labor, with confiscation of all personal property.
- (2) On the Moscow-Ryazan railway, D. A. Kisilev stole an article of fur (clothing) from one of the cars. Sentence: 10 years' hard labor.
- (3) In the Pavlovo-Posadsky textile factory, L. H. Markelov stole a manufactured article (of clothing). Sentence: 8 years' hard labor.
- (4) On a collective farm, two peasants, Joseph Smirnov and V. V. Smirnov, stole ten bushels of oats. Sentence for each: 8 years' hard labor.
- (5) In Moscow, a delivery-truck driver, E. K. Smirnov, stole 10 kilos (about five loaves) of bread. Sentence: 7 years' hard labor.
- (6) At Saratov, E. I. Gordeyev stole sundry produce from a warehouse. Sentence: 7 years' hard labor.

For Potatoes: 5 Years

- (7) At Kuibyshev, on the streetcar, E. T. Poluboyarov stole a wallet from a fellow-passenger, Citizen Snitko. Sentence: 5 years' hard labor.
- (8) On a collective farm in the Kazan district, V. E. Bukin snatched money from the hand of Mrs. Pustinsky. Sentence: 8 years' hard labor.
- (9) In the Kuibyshev district, A. D. Chubarkin and V. G. Morozov stole a bushel of potatoes from the cellar of Mrs. Presnyakov. Sentence for each: 5 years' hard labor.
- (10) In Moscow, K. V. Gruenwald, with a former conviction for theft, broke into the room of Mrs. Kovalev and stole sundry domestic articles. Sentence: 10 years' hard labor.

The first striking thing about these "typical" sentences is that the objects stolen by the Soviet thieves were mostly elementary necessities—food and clothing—and these in quantities so small that they must have been intended for personal use by the thief

or his needy dependents. In Canada, such cases usually evoke pity, and first offenders are commonly bound over or let off with a warning. The stark poverty revealed by such petty thefts often brings emergency help from charitable organizations. The case of Jean Valjean's sentence to the galleys for stealing bread has wrung fictive tears from four generations of readers of Victor Hugo; but comparable sentences, not in fiction but in grim reality, are the standard daily experience of all thieves in Stalin's Russia in 1947, and are so described in the Moscow press.

In the second place, the length of sentence imposed "for correction

rather than punishment" is astonishingly long. Fifteen years in a Siberian hard-labor camp for stealing a fish or seven years for stealing five loaves of bread may well (if they survive at all) produce desperate men and not socially-minded citizens.

May one gently suggest that the Canadian clergymen, professors and radio oracles who are preparing to celebrate this autumn the 30th anniversary of the destruction, by Communism, of the liberal Kerensky regime in Russia should begin by learning some Russian and subscribing to *Pravda* or *Izvestia*? For ten dollars a year they could then begin to learn the facts of life.



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OTTAWA LETTER

Participation in Security Council
Exacts Utmost National Unity

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

THERE has been surprisingly little comment on the new international obligations Canada is assuming as a consequence of her election to membership in the Security Council of the United Nations. It is possible — likely, even — that many people in Canada have forgotten even the elementary facts about the role and task of this vital core of the organization. As a refresher they might look up a graphic leaflet issued some time ago by the Canadian Information Service, which, with a few lucid diagrams, sets forth the essentials of U.N.O. Here is its summary of the job of the eleven nations of which Canada is now one:

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The Security Council hears complaints, discusses them, investigates them if the Big Five and two others agree, suggests means of settlement, and if necessary, takes economic or military action.

The theory of collective security, if I as a layman understand it, is based on the belief that the peace-loving nations of the world can prevent aggression and the breaking-out of another world war (1) if they will unite against aggression and (2) if they are prepared to make real sacrifices to enforce their united will for peace. This, in blunt language, means willingness to shed blood and pour out their material resources to stop an aggressor before he is able to inflame the world again in a general war.

Collective Security broke down between World War I and World War II for the simple but quite adequate and effective reason that the peace-loving nations did not unite against aggression (their first great opportunity was in 1931) and would not or could not pay the relatively small cost at the time of stopping it. Refusing to hang together then, they very nearly hanged separately eight years afterwards.

Prophetic Views

Canada's part in the collective security attempted by the League of Nations was not a particularly impressive or proud part. One of the great believers in collective security in Canada, John W. Daffoe, whose prophetic views of the consequences of its failure were realized afterwards almost to the letter, said some scathing things about both the Bennett regime and the Mackenzie King regime in this connection. At Kingston in June, 1937, addressing the Conference on Canadian-American Affairs, the eminent editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press* spoke about the League of Nations being, "with assurances of the most distinguished consideration", "ushered out into the darkness by Mr. Mackenzie King."

"Mr. King," he added, "has repeatedly said that the policy of the Dominion Government is directed towards preserving national unity, certainly a most laudable objective. He came into office in October, 1935, to find the country committed by the previous government — most reluctantly as most people in the know are aware — to economic sanctions in the Ethiopian matter."

"I do not think I am doing Mr. King any injustice in surmising that this revelation that membership in the League involved actual and contingent responsibilities was a shock to him. He, like most of the people of Canada, had been going along in the comfortable belief that peace would enforce itself. I venture to say further that he began to look about for means of escape from responsibilities repugnant to one of his temperament; and when events opened a way for him he took it and followed it with promptitude and determination. He believed that this course was agreeable to the majority of Canadian opinion, which it doubtless was."

It should be remembered that these cutting observations were made by a man who was a close personal friend

of the present Prime Minister, and the editor of a newspaper which, by and large, had been a most consistent supporter of the Liberal Party in Canada. It is these factors which give the comment such force.

The defence which the Liberal Government of that day would have offered would almost certainly have stressed that the leaders were expressing the mass-will of the Canadian people, that any more determined policy would have caused disunity, that in any event Canada was defenceless and unarmed and could not have followed up declarations against aggressor nations with any show of armed might.

Perhaps it is no more than a platitude to say that the foreign policy of Canada can never be much more positive in these affairs than the national unity of Canada will permit. Or, in other words, if the Canadian people do not believe in collective security enough to pay something for it, no leaders can effectively commit the nation to united action against aggressors in either the economic or military sphere.

Similar Situation?

Is the situation very different today? No doubt we have learned a lot from the world events of the past ten years. But in his address, "The Foundation of Canadian Policy in World Affairs" (the Gray Foundation lecture), Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent said at Toronto on January 13, 1947:

"The first general principle upon which I think we are agreed is that our external policies shall not destroy our unity. No policy can be regarded as wise which divides the people whose effort and resources must put it into effect. This consideration applies not only to the two main cultural groups in our country. It applies equally to sectionalism of any kind. We dare not fashion a policy which is based on the particular interests of any economic group, of any class or of any section in this country. We must be on guard especially against the claims of extravagant regionalism no matter where they have their origin. Our history has shown this to be a consideration of our external policy of which we, more even than others, must be perpetually conscious. The role of this country in world affairs will prosper only as we maintain this principle, for a disunited Canada will be a powerless one."

All this may be unassailable logic, but if so a moral emerges. If we are to make of our participation in the Security Council anything much more than a mockery, we must as Canadians be reasonably united in our support of the principle of collective security. There was, in many parts of Canada, sharp condemnation of the

French-speaking Canadians because they were sometimes less enthusiastic about waging war against Hitlerism than the Anglo-Saxon. But the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion showed that as late as January, 1943, 59 per cent of all French-speaking Canadians still thought Canada would not be fighting in the war at all if she had not been a part of the British Empire. The great majority, in other words, thought we were fighting primarily to save Britain, rather than Canada. Obviously, we had completely failed to convince the majority of French Canadians that the Second World War was a defensive war

against Fascist imperialism. Was the blame all theirs that they did not understand? Did we always take them into full confidence and full partnership?

What is being done today in Canada to convince the masses of the Canadian people that the United Nations principle is worth almost any sacrifice for its vindication? Perhaps governments cannot do much in this field; perhaps it is a job for non-government leaders among the people. But without that conviction, our membership in the Security Council, it seems to me, will be a relatively empty gesture.



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Forest Resources Now Itemized by Camera

By ROBERT PATERSON YOUNG

For two years an immense forest resources inventory has been under way. When it is completed in 1950, it will provide Ontario with an informative and accurate picture of their accessible forest. The survey involves photographing and itemizing of 140,000 square miles of Ontario's forests. Using these pictures as a guide, the Department of Lands and Forests will know at a glance whether or not an area is ready for operation.

ALTHOUGH only a handful of Ontarians are aware of it, a gigantic forest resources inventory-taking project that will undoubtedly turn out to be a prime factor in the future economic stability of the province is quietly approaching the end of the second of five years required for its completion.

Launched during the early summer of 1946, it consists of an aerial photographic survey, and is being carried out for the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests—the lion's share by Photographic Survey Company Limited, a private company, and the remainder by Provincial Air Services—at a cost of more than a million and a half dollars. When finished in 1950, it will provide the people of Ontario with a picture—literally—of their 140,000 square miles of accessible useful forests, informative and accurate to a degree hitherto impossible.

From this picture experts will be able to determine the heights of trees to within five feet, species, density, number per acre, location, the presence of heavy insect infestation, whether an area has been burned or logged out, where the nearest available water power suitable for hydro-electric development is located, suitable road sites, land types, and so on.

It certainly will be none too soon for such data as will be yielded by the survey to be brought into use in the management of our timberlands, Ontario's forests have always played an important part in Canada's export trade, and in maintaining her United States dollar balance, and have al-

ways been a major item in the province's own industrial and financial development. But they are dwindling at an alarming rate.

Even though they still provide the raw material for Ontario's most important industry, largest industry in annual payroll and number of persons employed, second largest in capital invested and fourth largest in dollar volume of production, without proper management they will inevitably be reduced to nothing in a very short time. Evidence of this is contained in a recent report submitted by the Royal Commission on the condition of Ontario's forest resources and industries in which it is sharply and emphatically pointed out that wastage and current lack of an adequate forestation policy will reduce timber to a minor industry within 25 years.

Major Reason

The major reason for this perilous trend—and also why it has been allowed to go on developing without effective hindrance—has been the lack of just such an inventory as is now being taken.

Unfortunately, not until the advent of World War II were equipment and techniques of the type required for such an undertaking developed. To have attempted, by previously known methods such as ground cruises, ground surveys and aerial spot estimates to amass the wealth of accurate information the present project is designed to produce, would have required the expenditure of untold millions of dollars over a period of almost half a century. Moreover, the information obtained during the early years of such a survey would have been hopelessly outdated by fire, insect damage and woods operations.

In general outline, the current method of forest resources inventory-taking is relatively simple; in the details of equipment and techniques however, it is a highly complicated science. What happens is that camera-equipped aircraft are flown at a given altitude along east-west lines over the whole area to be surveyed, with tie-strips flown north-south over geodetic control points, until the area

has been completely photographed. The flight lines are so arranged that every bit of terrain gets photographed twice, with exposures overlapping to an extent of 60 degrees. Placed side by side, the two finished photographs of any section pictured provide two views of the area, each from a slightly different angle, much in the same manner that a person's eyes provide his brain with two views of the same object.

When a stereoscope—that parlor magic toy of grandma's day—is employed in the hands of a skilled technician, and the almost-twin photos are viewed through its lenses, they merge into one picture and the contours spring into sharp relief, giving the whole a third-dimensional quality lacking in a single photograph. It is this third-dimensional factor that enables trained interpreters to study and interpret the photographs in terms of the information required.

When the initial interpretation has been carried out, the findings are checked via a sampling technique carried out by ground crews. A correction factor is established, and then, with the use of complex instruments, the data is transposed to maps. These, along with the photographs from which they were produced, are filed by the Division of Timber Management for reference when

required.

Thus, when a lumber or pulp and paper company wishes to secure information about any given area where operations are contemplated, it is only necessary to secure and study the available maps and photographs, instead of spending a great deal of money on ground surveys and checks that at best are in no way comparable for detail and accuracy.

Largest Contract

As previously noted, the survey involves the photographing and itemizing of 140,000 square miles of Ontario forests. Photographic Survey Company Limited has been employed to cover 125,000 of these at a rate of 25,000 per year under what is known to be the largest contract of its kind in the British Empire, probably the world. The remaining 15,000 square miles are being handled by the Department of Lands and Forests' own air service, which will also take care of keeping the data up to date in the future.

Admittedly, the inventory project won't be completed until Ontario's important forest industries are within about two decades of collapse, and this is a slender margin when you consider that from 60 to 150 years are required for Ontario's seven useful conifer species to reach maturity. But at least when it is completed it

will provide a true basis for the type of forest management that can help nature recover from the damage done through three centuries or more of almost ruthless exploitation.



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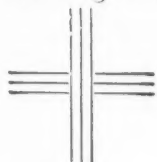
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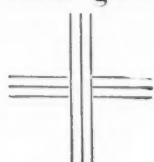
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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Gobbledygook

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THERE is material for a fine Ph.D. thesis on the subject of Gobbledygook, or the science of obscuring the meaningless in terms of the incomprehensible. The researcher could deal with its origins, which probably go back to the Tower of Babel and with its ramifications in the fields of psychology, education, sociology and commercial advertising. He could also investigate the uses of Gobbledygook for its own sake, (e.g., by radio comics, popular song writers and Father Divine) and wind up with a study of its brilliant application in the field of political debate.

Political Gobbledygook, which is a language in itself, is a completely fluid medium, extendable and retractable in any direction. For instance the editor of *Pravda*, a highly successful practitioner of Gobbledygook, can take expressions like war-mongering, expansionism, Nazi-mindedness, red-baiting, etc., and widen them to apply to anyone who disagrees with the editor of *Pravda*. Or he can adapt expressions like self-determination, peace-loving, democratic and socialistic and re-apply them so that they take on a completely new meaning for the readers of *Pravda*, while losing all their original significance for the subscribers to the *New Republic*. Naturally he scores higher if he can arrange them so that they have no meaning for either group, the principle of Gobbledygook being to break down communication both ways and leave everyone as confused as possible.

AN EXCELLENT example of Gobbledygook is contained in the *Pravda* communiqué reporting the aims of the recent Warsaw Communist Conference.

"The Conference, having in view the negative phenomena produced by the absence of contact between parties represented at the Conference, and taking into consideration the necessity for mutual exchange and experience, has decided to create an Information Bureau."

Probably the Conference delegates, who had acquired facility in the language, were able to realize at once that they weren't being brought together in Warsaw for community-singing or even for a mutual exchange of opinions. The rest of the world had to figure out the best way it could that this was the official revival of the International Comintern.

Mr. Vishinsky is, of course, a master of Political Gobbledygook. He favors sentences beginning, "It is no accident that—" or "It is far from coincidental—" because these help to confuse the listener while at the same time deepening his worst suspicions.

"It is no accident," Mr. Vishinsky pointed out in one of his recent speeches, "that James Allen in his book 'International Monopolies and Peace,' stated that in the capitalist countries economy suffers 'loss of balance' and 'radical disruptions' and quotes from a governmental body engaged in the research of this particular problem some extracts which lead to the conclusion that only under the conditions of war the modern economic system is unable (sic) to secure approximately full employment."

Did Mr. Vishinsky mean it was no accident that Mr. Allen published "International Monopolies and Peace" in a country presumably hospitable to monopolies and hostile to peace? Obviously not. Or did he mean it was no accident that Mr. Allen's findings confirmed the worst of Mr. Vishinsky's suspicions? It hardly seems likely. The only thing we can be sure of is that it was no accident (to borrow the idiom) that Mr. Vishinsky should put a sentence together in this peculiar way. It is fierce and authoritative and it doesn't yield a particle of meaning, which makes it first-class Gobbledygook. Mr. Vishinsky should get an A for it.

It is quite possible of course that Gobbledygook is the language of the future, and that the political thinkers who tried to express them-

selves with pith and clarity were all on the wrong track; that they wasted their time attempting to simplify a situation when it was much easier and more effective to complicate it.

WITH this in mind I have tried bringing some famous political sayings up-to-date by translating them into Gobbledygook. They sound terrible, but maybe it's just a question of getting used to the newer, longer style.

"That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Translation: "That state-administered democracy of the proletariat, by the proletariat and for the proletariat shall not be liquidated by imperialistic plans of expansion and aggression in the form of state administration, politics, economics or ideology."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right."

Translation: "With capitalistic-imperialistic aggressiveness towards none, with a cooperative and coordinated policy of support to those states whose sovereignty and self-administration of internal affairs are threatened by the economic expansionism and war-mongering of the

Marshall-Truman plan, and with non-deviationist adherence to the principles of the Left, as our Leader gives us to see the Left."

"The World must be made safe for democracy."

Translation: (cribbed, in this case, from the Warsaw Conference Manifesto): "The anti-imperialist democratic camp has to close its ranks and draw up and agree on a common platform to work out its tactics against the chief forces of the imperialist camp, against the American imperialism, against its English and French allies, the Right Wing socialists in England and France who facilitate by their servile plaudits the fulfilment of capitalistic aims."

"We have nothing to fear but fear itself."

Translation: Authorities in the psychiatric field have definitely established the fact that psychoneurotic symptoms, including war-anxiety psychoses, are directly conditioned and automatically induced by the state of psychoneurosis itself."

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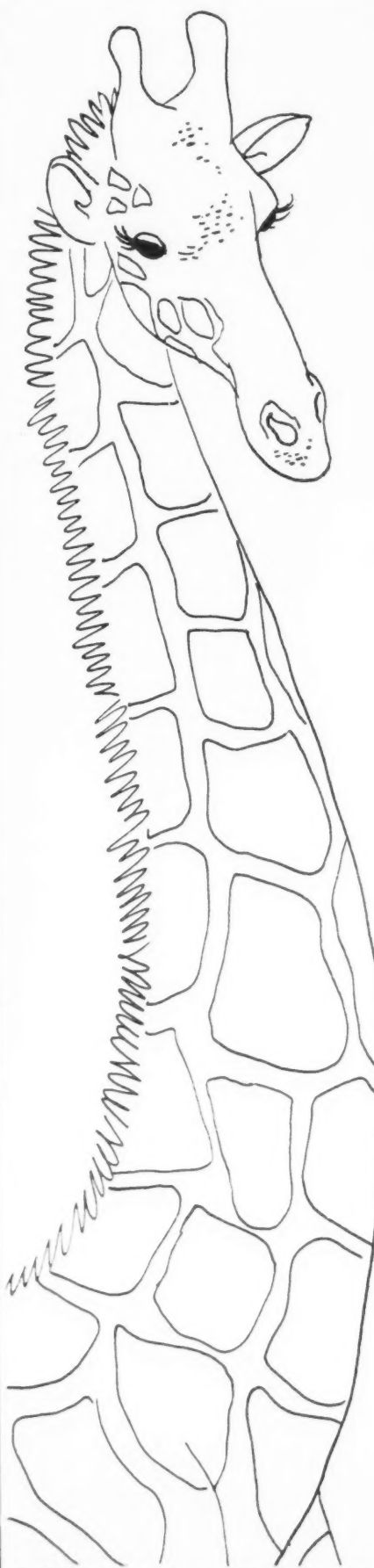
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THE BIG FOUR NATIONAL WEEK-END NEWSPAPERS

WASHINGTON LETTER

Conservation Drive Prepares U.S. for the Foreign-Aid Program

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

SECRETARY of State Marshall says that through the present American food conservation drive U.S. "foreign policy has entered the American home and taken a seat at the family table." A far cry from pre-war isolationist days, the most humble citizen now has a chance to assist in his country's foreign relations through the national effort to make available an additional 100 million bushels of grain if Europe is to be fed through the winter.

Apart from this patriotic nature of the project, the campaign has a real and active bearing on domestic political considerations. If the voluntary conservation plan headed by soap salesman Charles Luckman fails, President Truman will have adequate grounds to call Congress back into session. Whatever its progress, it is expected that Mr. Truman will have Congressmen at their desks by December 1, when some stop-gap aid program can be worked out, preparatory to implementation of the Marshall plan when the next regular session convenes January 1.

The food saving drive has some of the aura of the wartime bond and conservation drives, but it lacks the unanimity of support that prevailed then. In fact, segments of the food industry, especially restaurant operators, have been openly opposed to the "meatless Tuesday program."

Mr. Truman is reported to be counting on the conservation drive to prepare the American people to support the foreign-aid program coming later. He feels that if Congress were to be called back now, foreign relief would have less chance of enactment. Further time will also permit Administration wheelhorses to build a better case for the Marshall plan to save Western Europe from Communist infiltration.

Secretary of Commerce Harriman has done yeoman work in his survey of national food resources, and his foreign aid committee which will report to the President on November 1 is expected to give further backing to the Marshall plan. Mr. Harriman, currently mentioned as a vice-presidential running mate for Mr. Truman in the 1948 presidential elections, has been a bulwark for Secretary Marshall. The Commerce Secretary has refused suggestions that the European aid objective be scaled down.

Full Steam Ahead

There has been talk of dissension in the Luckman Citizen's Food Committee, but the drive is going ahead full steam, with a staff operating from Bureau of the Budget Offices in the old Department of State Building adjoining the White House. One basic criticism is that food conservation can be so easily exploited, that reducing portions or servings of bread merely gives business concerns an opportunity to save money in the guise of food conservation. The Presi-

dent believes, however, that voluntary saving can turn the trick and pile up the extra needed grain for overseas.

Mr. Truman is credited by Republicans with "bigness" in backing up Senator Taft's "Eat Less" program, although he had originally advocated a "Waste Less" program. Even some strong Truman critics admit that it took some political and personal courage to back up a proposal of one of his strongest opponents. Republican Senator Flanders of Vermont says that the program has thus been given a "bipartisan" character.

Mr. Truman has been handicapped by conflicting reports from Europe. Representative Taber of New York declared last week that he had seen no evidence of hunger during his tour of European cities. There has been no over-all and documented report of the situation abroad, although the 16-nation report emphasized the need for assistance.

From a domestic standpoint, the program has been complicated by high prices, the charges of profiteering, market speculation, and the problems attendant on industrial rehabilitation. The Administration has been accused of failing to give the whole picture because of reluctance to grant any political consideration. The President, however, reported on the situation at length, and has expressed the belief that the conservation program may help to ease the price situation. He denied that exports abroad have had a serious effect on the price of grain, but admitted that they had a major influence on food prices.

"Most of the upward press on prices," Mr. Truman said, "is a result of competition among Americans for scarce goods. The success of our food-saving program will help reduce these inflationary pressures."

Republicans point to this admission as a reply to left-wing economists who have accused industry and management for all national price troubles. Business leaders believe that the price crisis can be met through the simple expedient of increasing production. They contend that supply and demand will correct any inconsistencies.

Plan Can Succeed

With bipartisan support, it is believed that the plan to save food can be made to succeed. It will involve a heavy reduction on consumption of food. The food saving idea may be beneficial to the national economy. Prices may be cut as consumption drops off, provided that consumption drops so that the U.S. can contribute to needs of the world. This would also entail a better distribution of goods.

Americans are realistic about the need of avoiding starvation abroad in countries where the political situation can be controlled by famine. There are dissenters to the voluntary program. Some gloomy prognosticators charge that Americans do

not wish to save Europe just to help Europe. If such is the case, this writer has not personally encountered this viewpoint. There seems to be a live awareness that the fate of the rest of the world is linked directly to the future of America.

Certainly businessmen, eager to combat another round of price and wage increases, are throwing themselves wholeheartedly into the food saving job. If the program does not bring down the cost of living—and prices seem to be yielding—it at least should keep them from climbing higher.

Leaders are hopeful that the political parties will keep the project outside of their more controversial issues so that it will not be hampered by polemics. Efforts to make a political issue of it have been successful, but there is time.

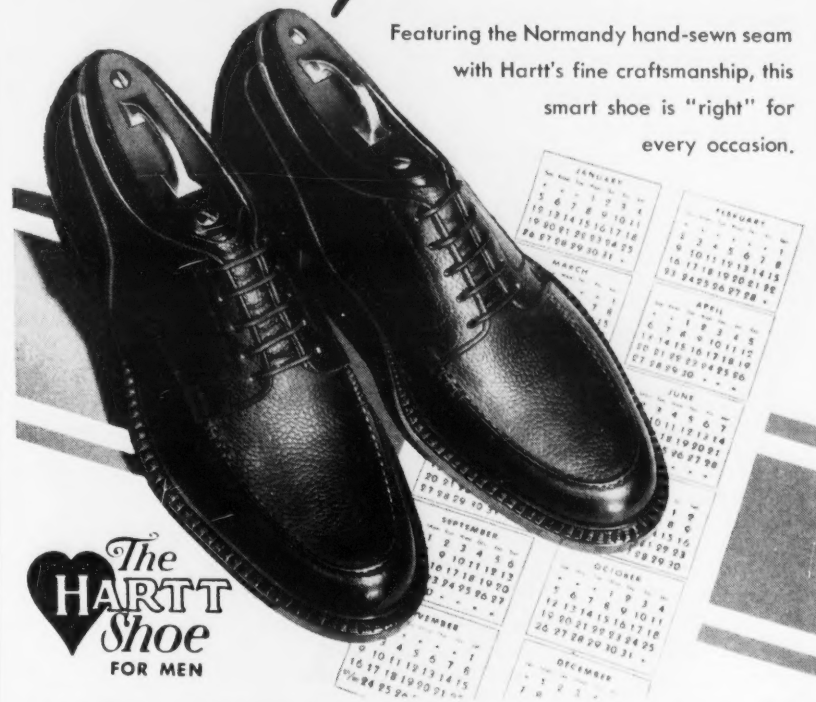
There has been a serious effort on all sides to do a good job in the administration's food program. It has entailed some sacrifices and will entail more. Mr. Luckman said that "we call upon every citizen to observe two days of self-denial for the duration of the emergency."

No citizen has risen to charge that this is too much to ask. It has been compared with Europe's need and found to be not too much to ask.

There is every reason to believe that Americans will put this food drive over. The next few weeks will tell the story.

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Home Is Coming Nearer for Polish Veterans

By ERNEST BUCKLER

A Maritimer tells the human story of three Polish veterans of the many now working on Canadian farms. How do their employers like Steven, Johnnie and Peter? How do the boys like their employers? After the periods of totalitarianism, war and postwar uncertainty, Canada means a brand new life. The adjustment is not easy but the goal is worth the effort. Still they do get lonesome while Canada gradually replaces Poland as "home" in their thinking.

WHEN the first Polish veterans were brought to Maritime farms, they initiated a major flurry of local curiosity. "I saw the one at Jim's," someone would say. "They're blonde people, aren't they? Quite slight, light hair, blue eyes..." And maybe later you'd hear, after the fashion of the men of Hindustan identifying the elephant, "Joe had the Pole with him today. Aren't they big, swarthy, fellows? Dark... dark eyes..."

They wore uniforms then, and were easy to spot. The first one I saw myself was working with other strange boys on the wood-saw and I said, "Which one is the Pole?"

Which is to say that we've discovered there's nothing distinctive, like the horns we may have expected, about these Polish boys... they just look like average, clean-looking (that is one invariable feature of them), decent, boys anywhere. Peter Borowski and Steven Sharenski and "Johnnie" Olszenski might be Pete Morgan and Steve Saunders and Johnnie Reed from the next town. Their faces may have a cast of quiet sometimes that the faces of the local boys lack, because their experiences over there were anything but happy; but if you joke with them about a pretty girl, say, or a bottle of beer, that look falls away immediately, and there's the same quick, frank, click of amusement in their eyes that is boy universal. Maybe this by-product of the immigration is the most valuable part of it. Maybe we will learn from contact with these people from another part of the world that, as Gertrude Stein might have put it, "A Pole is a

Pole is a Canadian is an American is an Englishman is a Frenchman..."

I will refer to these three, Peter and Steven and Johnnie, because they seem to be a typical cross-section. Those are not their real names. Memory of unhappy contact with the totalitarian systems is still too fresh with them not to feel the automatic flick of unease when you ask to use their names. It will be our job to show them that here a man's name is something another man has respect for as for his own, and that he may speak it proudly and safely at any time, and without fear of any kind.

The atypicality of appearance is characteristic of their work and temperament also. Johnnie's employer told me, "He watches how you do everything, and you only have to show him a new thing once." I made a mental note, "extraordinarily adaptable". And then Steven's employer said, "Once Steven really gets a thing, it's there to stay, but he's a little slow about picking up anything new". Peter's employer told me Peter studies the language books provided, every evening. I said to Johnnie, "You have books to learn from?" He said, "Yeh-huss?" (They all say "yes" drawn out and with a curious little accent of interrogation and surprise) "But... books?" He shrugged and grinned... some boys just don't like books.

Mimicry

Johnnie loves to talk, and try out the words he has, and he has a real gift of mimicry and pantomime. (You should see him parody, with gestures, the Communist's lush promises to the proletariat: "Come... Come... Be Communist. We this for you... We that for you...") Steven, on the other hand, is a little shy and withdrawn, and seems reluctant to experiment with English words until they've become tools he is surer with; whereas Peter neither talks much, nor is shy. He whistles and sings and seems to feel that "Yehhuss?" and "No" and "Gooood" (How do you like Canada Peter? "Canada? Gooood", accompanied by the most artless, engaging, smile I have run across anywhere, takes care of everything.

Johnnie doesn't smoke, but he likes

a bottle of beer. Steven smokes, but he says, "Beer? ... Too much spin." Peter smokes, and beer also is, with the form-of-speech smile again, "good", but he can take or leave either one. Steven and Peter play bridge. Johnnie plays forty-fives. Steven likes to win. Johnnie is a little less than happy if he *doesn't* win. It's a matter of indifference to Peter whichever way the score goes. Not unlike Johnnie and Steven and Peter from the next town, yehuss?

Three things, however, employers agree they all have in common. I have mentioned neatness. (When Steven bundles his wash, he folds everything as if it were new, and until he was told that it wasn't necessary, made his own bed every morning.) The other two are willingness and dependability. However their efficiency varies, with every one of them the actual pursuit of manual work seems as natural as breathing. If you could see the way

Peter picks up one pail of milk for the calves in the same motion with which he puts down another to be separated, you would know what I mean. (There may be a negative instance here as elsewhere, but I have not heard of one). They work as well when you are in the back field as when you are with them, their employers tell me; and you can go away from home and trust anything whatever in their care.

Still Learning

Their English is pretty jagged yet, and individual proficiency in it varies, but in some curious way their speech seems to gather an impact and clarity, being dammed up suddenly by a verb or noun that can't be found, which would be lacking if it flowed carelessly down the channel of a native tongue.

This is particularly true when they

speak of experiences they have left behind them. Steven was in a German concentration camp at thirteen. ("Nazis..." He can say the single word and spit on everything it stands for.) Johnnie was taken to Siberia when the Russians first went into Poland. ("Communism *nothing* De-

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Three men were buried in an accident at Moose River Mine in Nova Scotia. 240 hours later two of them—Dr. D. E. Robertson and Alfred Scadding—were rescued alive.

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1939: CANADA DECLARES WAR

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Business in Force	\$299,597,000
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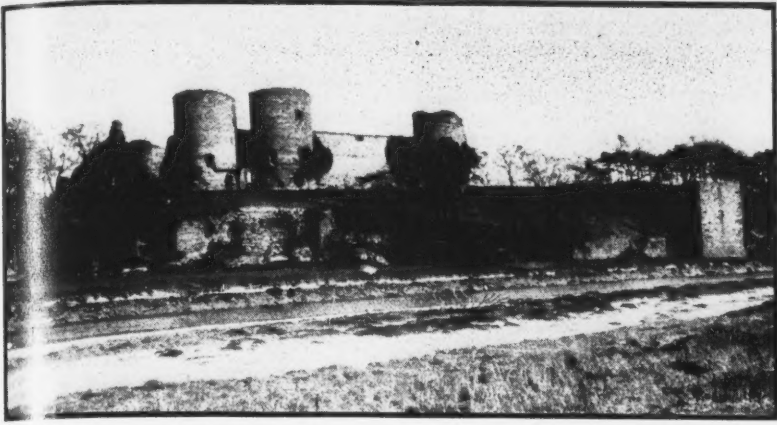
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democracy." He touches his eyes. "See." His ears. "Hear." Puts his finger to his mouth. "Speak?" Draws his finger across his throat. Then he pantomimes the gait of weaker comrades. "They say, maybe you out, we never out. You speak! For . . . us . . . you . . . speak!" Johnnie speaks Polish, Russian, and Italian; Steven, Polish and German; Peter, Polish and Italian. Johnnie's English is best of all, perhaps because his employer can instruct him through the Italian which he himself acquired in the Mediterranean campaign.

Technically, all were supposed to have had previous farm experience. Johnnie was born on a farm ("One horses, five cow, four peeg . . . two beeg, two not beeg . . ."), but actually, what with their youth and their disorientation in war service and prison camps, they are without any real agricultural training. Selection seems to have been based on record of conduct. ("Look . . . paper . . . paper . . . paper! Good? Good? Good? All good?" Shrug of shoulders, "Okay, you go. Good? Good? One bad?" Smile of dismissal. "I'm sorry.")

The Polish Legation keeps reminding them that if they have proved unsatisfactory apprentices at the end of their two-year probation period, they are liable to deportation to Poland or, as they seem to think of it, Russia. That scares them. The favorite hope is to have a little place of their own in Canada.

Not Dolts

They're the easiest people in the world to have around the house. A show, the local dance, things like that are "good"; but if none of them is possible tonight, then they're perfectly happy to have a game of cards, or sit with the family and just "be". Not that they're dolts. Discussing Poland's statesmen, and right or wrong he has an amusing and often penetrating opinion about every one of them. Johnnie says, "Paderewski good man! For piano . . . tinkle, tinkle, tinkle . . . yehuss? For politic? Well, maybe not such hot."

But their content with simple recreation is a tremendous recommendation to the farmer. Keeping the average tired man content with the country when work is done is sometimes . . . well, did you ever try to cope with the recurrent "What'll I do now?" of a child in the house on a rainy day?

The Poles do not seem to be lonesome here. The war left a sister only of Steven's family, and of Johnnie's no one, so perhaps the place where they happen to be is of less importance, for that reason. But maybe Peter, the laughing one, was lonesome the night he had the first letter in years, from home. He said, "Father . . . mother . . . sisters . . . two brothers . . . all of them . . ." They said, "Dead?". He said "No. Alive." And then, with the speaking, the tears came, and he went out by himself and found something to keep him busy in the barn. And when one night the girl next door to you in a strange country says, "How about taking me to the show Saturday night, Steven?" and you say, "Good", because she's your own age, and next day you take some of the money you were saving for a farm and buy yourself a new suit, and then it comes Saturday night and, goodness, I thought you knew it was only a joke . . . then I guess you feel a long way from home too.

Thoughtless snubs like that are rare, however. All in all, Maritimers have been kind and hospitable to them, steadily and naturally. Not with the

chid and then left to wither . . . it has been unobtrusive and consistent and without self-congratulation.

The Polish immigration has had criticisms, of course . . . usually from people who were most vehement about our debt to Poland when she first stuck her neck out for us, a long way off.

Good Farm Hands

The favorite runs: Why bring in these Poles when so many of our own men are unemployed? The answer to that is: How many of our own unemployed could a farmer persuade to work in the country at \$45 a month? For that matter, how many of them could he persuade to work in the country, period? How many of them would be as satisfactory? Believe me, the new rigidity of the average farm hand about what jobs are beneath his dignity is something to be reckoned with: They will mow maybe (though not clip a single blade with a hand scythe), or pitch hay (though not a minute after six no matter how near the thunderstorm is). But if you need a ditch dug or the hen-pen cleaned out, you darn well do it yourself.

The Poles have none of that one-

caste-above-employer complex. They feel that if a farmer is not above cleaning out the hen-pen himself, it's not beneath them to help him do it.

Some of them do feel that their wage is not awfully high. But they appreciate how much board, washing, etc., count for, and experience, and home life, and the privilege of being here. And they seem to understand too, as the average hired hand feels no obligation whatever to attempt to, that there are months when the small farmer might be hard put to show that much black ink himself. Except for a single instance I know of, where the Government has had to remind an employer that apprentice is not synonymous with serf, that kindly co-operative feeling between these boys and the men they work for is thoroughly general. As Johnnie says about his salary to the young Canadian vet who employs him, "Is not beeg. But I starting. You starting. Is okay."

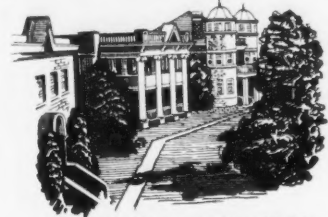
So are you, Johnnie . . . and Peter and Steven and all the rest. Come in, and make yourselves at our house. I think we Maritimers should deeply hope that as time goes by home will come nearer and nearer to you, until one day you will look down suddenly and find it under your very feet.

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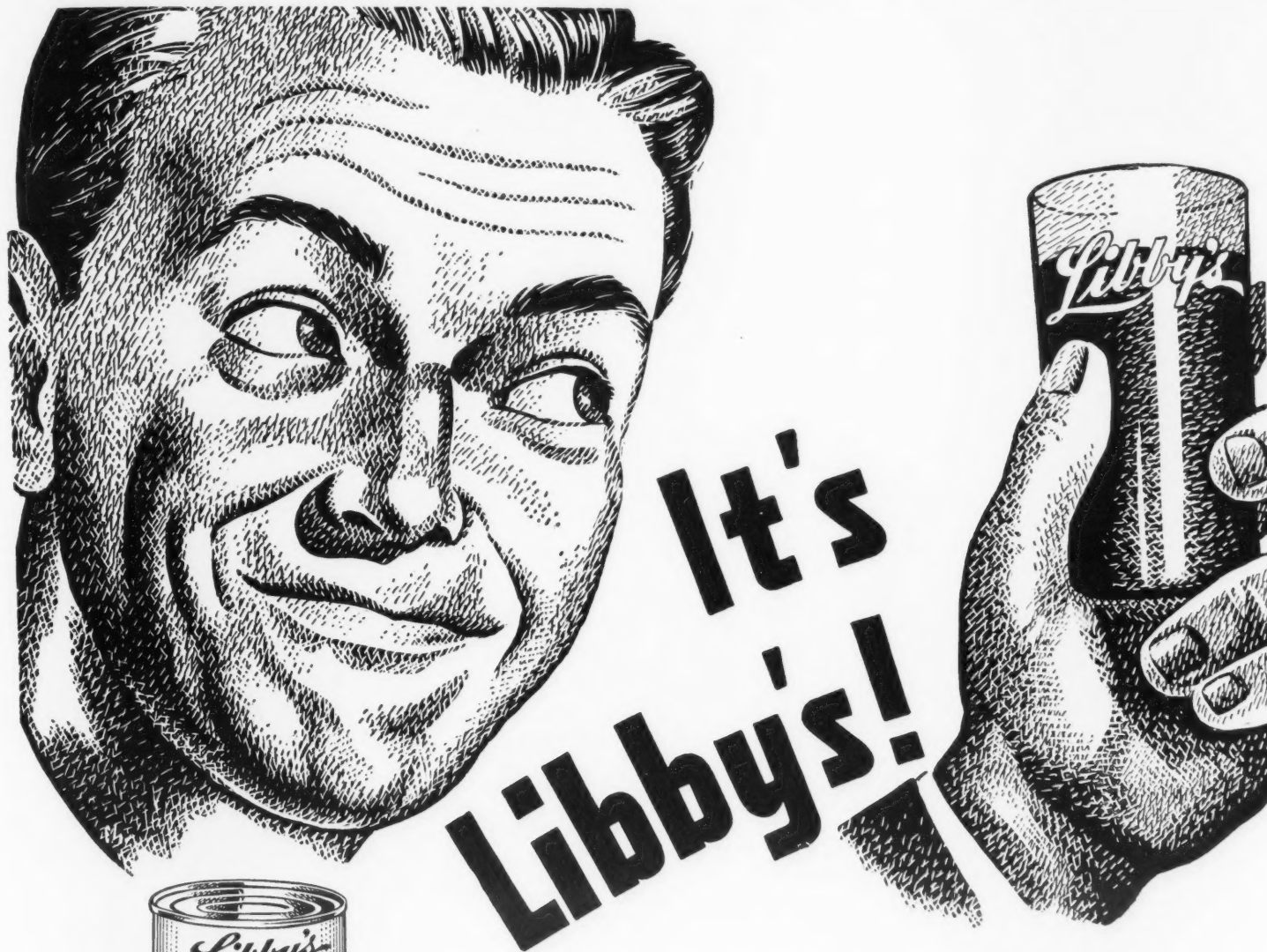
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THE WORLD TODAY

Major Shift in Comintern Line,
Russ Cooperation in Palestine?

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

IN the fall of 1945, Gerhart Seger, the former Reichstag deputy and prisoner of Hitler, brought back from Berlin a document which proved to contain the authentic Comintern postwar "line." I quoted it in this space at the time, though such efforts to keep the record straight were not overly popular at that time.

This document ordered the German

Communists to penetrate, and with their organized and disciplined cells, take control of the workers' political parties and union organizations; to get into coalition governments; and to exploit national patriotic themes, instead of leaving these, as formerly, to the "bourgeois" parties.

This line was followed precisely and, as it seemed for some time, with considerable success. It produced the spectacle of "patriotic" French Communists upholding the country's traditional policy of holding Germany in check, and demanding international control of the Ruhr; and German Communists, as "patriotic" Germans, opposing this, and even whispering that they would get back the eastern territories, lost to a Polish Communist state.

Comintern Postwar Line

It showed Italian Communists vying with the most fervid Italian nationalists in protesting the loss of Trieste, while Yugoslav Communists claimed the key port of the Adriatic for Tito.

According to the other half of the program, the German Communists promptly brought about a fusion of the Social Democratic and Communist parties in the Soviet Zone of Germany, and gained effective control of the coalition administration. This was rightly regarded as a special case, effected under Soviet occupation and police control, and of a pattern with what has been done in other Soviet-occupied states of Eastern Europe.

But even in France and Italy this program of political and labor penetration seemed to produce brilliant results. By carefully-planned and disciplined action in the period when others were confused following liberation, the French and Italian Communists gained control of individual labor union executives, and of the central trade union organization in each country, and they still hold this today.

At the same time their "patriotic" line gained them wider electoral support than they could otherwise have hoped for, making them the largest party in France and the second largest in Italy, and securing them a place in coalition governments—all according to plan.

So far, so good. Then came a check. As the split between the Soviet and the Anglo-American worlds widened after the Iranian affair and the enunciation of the Truman Doctrine, the Communists were ousted from the governments in Paris and Rome, which still looked to America for the far-reaching help which they needed.

Why the Change?

Now the line has been sharply changed. The calling of the leaders of nine Communist parties of Europe, including the French and Italian, into a meeting with such powerful Soviet figures as Zhdanov and Malenkov—both mentioned as possible successors to Stalin—makes it clear to everyone who can read or think that the local party branches, so lately "patriotic," are now going to take direct orders from the Moscow Politburo.

The "Information Bureau" established in Belgrade is to be the clearing house for these orders and a centre for coordination of the announced combined opposition to the Marshall Plan for European recovery. It will not be the Comintern centre, but has been aptly compared to the part of an iceberg which shows above water. The vast bulk of the iceberg remains, as Gouzenko testified in 1945 it remained, invisible in Moscow.

The old pretence of the 'thirties that the Comintern and the Soviet Government were separate entities, and did not know what each other was doing, will not fool anybody today. Who will believe that Zhdanov and Malenkov,

as members of the Politburo of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R., are not acting also as powerful members of the imperial Soviet Government?

It is important, however, to speculate whether this important new step has been taken in confidence that this is a highly favorable moment for renewed revolutionary activity in Europe, or out of disappointment with the success achieved by the earlier "line." A dispatch from Paris claims that diplomats who follow Soviet policy the most closely believe that this step was taken against the best interests of the French and Italian Communists and over the protests of some of their leaders, who preferred to follow their avowed policy of getting back into the coalition government and continuing to seek to expand their electoral following.

I wonder. With every indication that the Marshall Plan aid is going to be given by the United States, and with the sharpening conflict between American and Soviet policy within the U.N. and all across the world, could the French and Italian Communists hope that they would be readmitted to governments which are committed to promote recovery with American aid, while Moscow and her followers are committed to oppose the Marshall Plan?

There have been credible reports that American advice played a part in the ousting of the Communists in Paris and Rome, and even if it did

not, the political leaders in those capitals were quite capable of understanding the simple fact that American aid was less likely to be given to governments which included Communist ministers as potential saboteurs.

This estimate of the situation must be behind the momentous decision to declare war upon the "Right-wing" socialists of Western Europe (whose leaders are all duly named as "traitors to the working class" and "capitalist lackeys": Attlee and Bevin in Britain, Blum and Ramadier in France, Saragat in Italy, Renner and Scharf in Austria, and Schumacher in Germany) thus abandoning the postwar tactic of joining with them in coalition governments.

Was the move born of confidence or failure? There are two significant admissions in the manifesto issued by the Comintern leaders after their meeting in Poland. The first is that "the absence of connections between Communist parties is a serious shortcoming. Experience has shown that such division is incorrect and harmful . . . (this is either Stalin's wording, or a mimicry of it) . . . The disunity of Communist parties may lead to damage to the working class."

I think we can take this "experience" to mean that the experiment of allowing the various branch Communist parties to exploit their own local nationalism is not considered to

have worked out to Moscow's advantage.

The other admission is that "the main danger to the working class at this moment lies in the under-estimation of its own strength . . ." Tito



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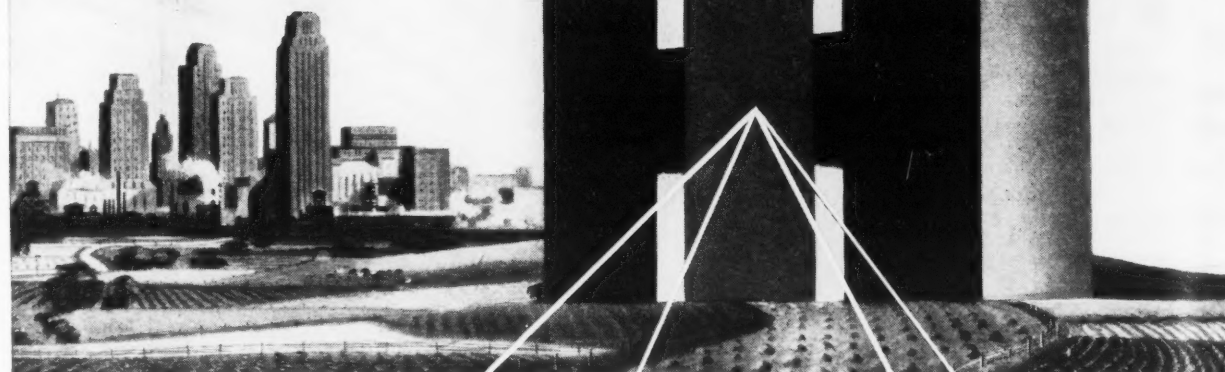
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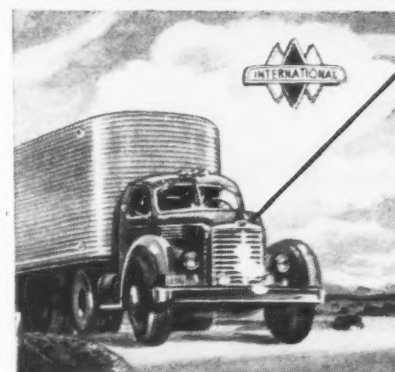
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had been more specific about this, a few days earlier. Communists in some countries, he charged, had shown "insufficient courage and determination." "It can be understood but not excused that in certain countries they did not carry out their tasks as organizers of the struggle against the occupiers, and for the creation of People's authorities."

"They were not capable of arousing the broad masses immediately, at the outset, and placing themselves at the head . . . The Communist leaders lacked confidence, and the People's Fronts were not militant . . . When public demonstrations are impossible, an armed struggle is necessary . . . Progressive forces of the entire world must unite against reaction."

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FUR TRADE JOURNAL
588 MT. PLEASANT ROAD TORONTO, CANADA

There is more meat in this than in the joint manifesto. To begin with, Tito reveals that the Comintern has been functioning the whole time, else who assigned the various Communist parties the "tasks" which some failed to carry out in the great moment of opportunity which followed the end of the war? He is specific about their failure to achieve what was hoped from them. And he calls, not just for joint European Communist action, but world-wide Communist unity.

Plenty of Trouble

While it is gratifying to hear that the Communists are disappointed in the number of European states which they were able to take over in the "liberation" period, and while their open declaration of political war against all moderate European socialists ought to clear the air considerably, the possibilities which the new line opens to them are to be taken gravely.

Passing from cooperation in, or with, Popular Front governments, to open strike action, demonstrations

and armed struggle (already hinted at by Togliatti in Italy) they can make the life of many a precariously seated European government extremely difficult, and bring the economy of many an unstable country to the brink of disaster. We can be sure that, particularly through Communist control of the central trade union organizations, France and Italy will be made almost ungovernable this winter, a winter whose predicted hardships would make even the rule of a strong government difficult.

But will the French Communists go beyond the technique of "planned chaos" to actual armed struggle in the near future? *Figaro*, one of the soundest Parisian dailies, thinks not, and because of these basic facts. The action of the French Communist Party is strictly subordinated to the orders of the Kremlin. France, by her situation at the western extremity of Europe, facing Europe, and with colonies facing on the Atlantic, is included in the American security zone.

A Communist seizure of power in France, doubtless accompanied by a similar action in Italy and by revolution in Spain, would be such a strategic disaster for the United States that Washington would intervene forcibly. This would give Moscow the alternatives of either abandoning the French Communists (who would then be forced to yield power), and losing face before the world revolutionaries, or of engaging in third World War.

Figaro considers it unlikely that the Soviet Union, with its severe war losses and damage, and its present technical inferiority to the United States, would risk such a course. Therefore it believes that Moscow's instructions to the French Communists will be to keep France in such a state of tension as to discourage the Americans from pouring in Marshall Plan aid, thus building up French resentment against the U.S., and making a real revolution possible when the requirements of world strategy cause the Soviet Union to give the signal.

Soviets in Palestine

In the United Nations, the Soviet move in supporting the partition of Palestine has been a major sensation.

Almost all of the delegates yearn for a real settlement of this problem, to avert an Arab-Jewish conflict and save the prestige of the United Nations. And yet a real settlement is only possible if the Jews and Arabs will compromise, or the great powers of the U.N. in firm unity of purpose, impose a wise and just "judgment of Solomon."

The Zionist and Arab leaders won't even sit in the same room together, much less offer any compromise. But now that the Soviets have come down for partition, does that mean that the big powers can proceed with unity of purpose to impose what a two-thirds majority of the U.N. deems a just settlement?

One would be happy to think so. But it would be contrary to the entire world picture of Soviet-American rivalry that these powers should agree on a settlement in Palestine and join in loyal collaboration to carry it out. And it would be contrary to the announced policy of the Comintern that the Soviets should desire to see quiet and order reigning in the Middle East, an area which they do not control, an area over which "imperialist" oil interests would thus find it easier to "fasten their grip."

It would therefore seem sensible to look for concealed Soviet purposes. If we consider that, (1) they have no interest in supporting the Arab ruling classes by giving them a victory (the prevention of a partition of Palestine) to present to their people, and (2) their general policy is to provoke disorder and revolution in areas which they do not presently control, we may be able to guess at these.

Do they not judge that partition, and a large Jewish immigration (which Soviet policy has done a great deal to assist since the end of the war, Jews being the only people allowed to leave the U.S.S.R. and the satellite countries) will provoke the maximum disorder in the Middle East? And might they not also calculate that, among the forces which the U.N. will have to send to keep order, there will be a Soviet contingent, occupying a Soviet Zone?



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THE WEEK IN RADIO

Vigorous Radio Drama Highlights Opening of "Stage 48" Series

By JOHN L. WATSON

"STAGE 48" rang up the curtain on Sunday, September 28, with "The Shadow of the Tree," an original radio drama by the Canadian playwright, Joseph Schull. At worst, it was the soap-opera to end all soap-operas; at best, it was an impassioned expression of those ideas which ought to be expressed as often and as vigorously as possible by every honest writer from Chicago to Chungking: namely, that wars and their attendant miseries are not endured for the sole purpose of establishing forever the four freedoms of exploitation, snobbery, hypocrisy and humbug.

Mr. Schull made his point with explosive force. In the quaint, old-fashioned idiom of the press, his stuff is *dynamite*. But he cannot resist the temptation to shout when he ought

to whisper and sixty minutes of unrelenting hysteria, hypertension and salt tears is too much for the most patient radio listener. I imagine a playwright like, say, Lister Sinclair feels just as strongly about the genteel tyranny of money as Mr. Schull does but I think he would have argued his case a good deal more subtly, using the sharp points of wit and satire as well as the bludgeon of righteous indignation.

I thought that a good many of the Doctor's best utterances (which, incidentally, were the best lines in the play) seemed more characteristic of an enthusiastic interne than a philosophical, middle-aged G.P. Radio is an indecently intimate medium and the sobbing of distressful females is something that has to be kept to a minimum, a principle which Mr.

Schull chose to ignore. However, I think that more than anything else it was the impact of John Mayberry's ghastly masochism that gave the story its decidedly soapy flavor.

The play heralded the return of Canada's Number One dramatic series and one of the C.B.C.'s chief claims to fame. I know of no other series of radio plays on the American air which could decently be compared with the "stage" for all-round excellence of production, direction, writing, music and acting.

Either the C.B.C. is being curiously reticent in the matter of publicity or else Director Andrew Allan has not yet formulated his program for the season. Of course, Mr. Allan and the C.B.C., so it is rumored, very nearly drifted apart a short while ago which may account for the delay in publishing the line-up for "Stage 48." Listeners should take note of the new time of broadcast: Sundays, from 10 to 11 p.m. E.S.T.

Agree in Theory

The statement by Joseph Sedgwick, counsel for the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, to the effect that the C.B.C. ought to abandon commercial broadcasting and devote itself entirely to the production of educational and cultural broadcasts is one with which most of us—including the C.A.B., the C.B.C. and a large part of the general public—will be bound to agree—at any rate, in theory. This would be an ideal arrangement from almost every point of view. It would put an end to the awkward and contentious situation in which the Government finds itself in competition with free enterprise and it would permit the C.B.C. to concentrate its efforts on that kind of broadcasting to which a publicly owned system should be largely devoted.

However, it has been pointed out more than once in these columns and elsewhere in SATURDAY NIGHT that, for the present, any such scheme is a practical impossibility. No national radio system can operate in Canada on any worthwhile scale solely on the revenues obtained from receiving licences, unless the cost of such licences is increased beyond all reasonable proportion. Nothing very much can be done by way of changing the basic structure of the C.B.C. without destroying the whole edifice. We must have the old monolith as it is, or not at all, and Mr. Sedgwick's plan, sound though it may be, will have to wait.

Some of the fruits of the American "Revolt Against Radio" (S.N., July 5) have made their appearance on the agenda of the National Association of Broadcasters annual convention which was held not long ago in Atlantic City. Most of the discussion centred around the formation of a new code of broadcast standards which would be administered by the industry itself, independently of the F.C.C., and whose purpose would be the elimination, or at least the reduction, of excessive commercialism and other offences against good taste.

Handwriting on the Wall

Not unnaturally, the idea got its strongest support from the wealthy and well established networks which are now in a position to lay down the law even when it conflicts to some extent with their sponsors' primary interests. It was natural, too, that most of the opposition should come from the small independents whose life blood is spot broadcasting and who cannot afford to be too high-minded. Chief spokesman for the "radicals" was Niles Trammell, president of N.B.C., who has not always been so liberal but who appears to have seen with increasing clarity the unmistakable handwriting on the wall. His most vocal opponent was Justin Miller, president of the N.A.B. which, like its Canadian counterpart, is squarely on the side of the independents.

Much talk ensued and no little heat was generated but the results, if any, are yet to be determined. Two things, however, were pretty well agreed upon: (a) radio is still too commercial, and (b) no other U.S. industry has been the target of so much criti-

cism in recent years. If (b) is clearly recognized as the result of (a), perhaps something will be done to remedy the situation.

The untimely demise of that splendid program which featured Samuel Hersenhoren's "New World Orchestra" can only be regretted by those who made its acquaintance and succumbed to its charms during the summer months. It was probably the best musical program of the season and one which ought to have been allowed to continue during the winter. With a small orchestra, well staffed and well rehearsed, and a fine determination to steer clear of the trite and obvious, a man of Mr. Hersenhoren's musicianship can add a good deal of piquancy to our musical fare.

The spot left vacant by the New World Orchestra was filled on Sun-

day, September 21, by a performance of Bach's Sixth Cantata and Saint-Saëns' La Nuit with the Melophonic Choir under the direction of Cesar Borré. The choir performed admirably in the Bach work but began to wobble rather precariously in the Saint-Saëns which was pretty inferior stuff, anyway.

The producers of "Canadian Cavalcade" have assured us that the 1947-48 series will feature more music and less talk. "Cavalcade" has always been an interesting show but a trifle wordy, so the change is probably for the best. The interviews will continue but there will be fewer of them. Interesting facts about interesting people are, as usual, divulged by Cy Mack. This year the music is provided by Mart Kenney and his Western Gentlemen which should ensure a large and responsive audience.

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LONDON LETTER

Government Attitude Toward Press Endangers Freedom of Speech

By P. O'D.

London.

MEMBERS of the Institute of Journalists at their annual conference, held at Brighton, have condemned the newsprint policy of the Government as a menace to the freedom of the press and to the right of the public to get all the news in which it is really concerned. It is true that the newspapers are free to print what they please, but there is not very much that any newspaper can do with four pages. That is the size to which most of them are condemned for at least a certain number of their issues—the smallest in peacetime for 100 years.

About the same time Mr. Attlee, addressing the electors of West Islington—who have, by the way, again returned a Socialist representative to the House of Commons—commented on the fact that, "apart from some newspapers that take a reasonable and balanced view, the mass of the press of this country is against the Labor movement." He spoke in sorrow, but in anger too.

It would be unfair to attach much significance to this utterance, if it were an isolated instance of such an attitude on the part of our Socialist rulers; but it isn't. More than one Minister has taken a similar line and gone much farther along it. In the words of a resolution passed by the Institute of Journalists at their conference, "the tendency of certain Ministers to justify the recent cut by criticism of the legitimate contents of some newspapers is capable in present circumstances of evolving into a right of the Administration to dictate what the press shall print."

Perhaps the members of the Institute and newspapermen generally are more frightened than they need be. Any open interference with the freedom of the press might have serious repercussions for any government, however well-entrenched. But there are ways of interfering with that freedom which are not open, and it is important that the press of the country should be on guard against them—especially the attempt to introduce the "closed shop" in editorial offices, which is being quietly but persistently made. It is having considerable success.

Not long ago I was talking to an old Fleet Street friend, who mentioned that he had joined the National Union of Journalists—the rival organization sponsored by the Socialists, and allied to the T.U.C. I expressed my surprise, knowing his political opinions.

"I don't like it very much," he admitted, "but things are getting to the point where, unless a man does belong to it, he is likely to find himself out of a job." And he gave instances in which that had happened.

The press of this country is still free, most of it, but it won't stay free long if the Socialists can prevent it. It becomes clearer every day that it is part of their policy to prevent it—in one way or another.

Persistent and Indignant

Motorists are persistent fellows—girls, too. In spite of the official announcement that the Government would not reconsider its decision to abolish the basic petrol ration until next July, in spite of Mr. Attlee's refusal even to receive a delegation, the big motoring organizations are getting up a nation-wide petition "to express the deep feelings of indignation" of motorists and motorcyclists. In addition, motorcyclists are holding rallies all over the country to protest against the ban.

It might be thought that the motorcyclist is far too humble a person to carry much weight with the authorities, but his protest is likely to be much more seriously considered than that of the gentry who ride about in Rolls-Royces and Daimlers. Even the tough Mr. Shinwell is likely to be worried by the thought that 500,000

made for itself and the public—including the very large section of the public whose business and livelihood are dependent on motoring.

An Ancient Drink

Down in Cornwall not far from Penzance a factory has just been opened for the manufacture of mead, opened with prayer indeed, for the local vicar attended and blessed the whole project—which may get him into trouble with his bishop, or at any rate with the local prohibitionists. But perhaps they don't have prohibitionists in Cornwall.

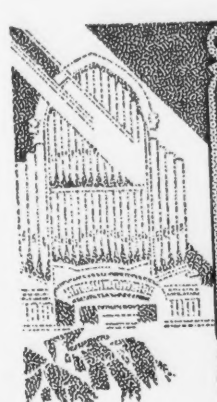
Mead—or metheglin, as they call it in Wales—is of course fermented honey and water, to which various spices and flavorings are added. By all accounts it is a pleasant and rather heady drink. I have never had any myself, but I have met people who had. They all spoke of it as something to be received with gratitude and caution.

Mead is an ancient drink. The Greeks had a name for it, and so had the Romans. There has always been a certain amount of it made

and drunk in this country, especially in the west, but there has never been much, and there isn't likely to be much now. Honey is too scarce and expensive. But there is something very cheerful about the idea of a whole factory being devoted to its manufacture. So sporting an effort deserves to succeed.

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MUSIC AND THEATRE

Week of Grand Opera Is Expensive But Customers Are Well Repaid

By JOHN H. YOCOM

IS TORONTO keen enough about opera to buy a week of it? The Philadelphia La Scala Company figured the answer to that question was worth \$40,000, the budget for a series of six operas at Massey Hall last week. They got the answer, although it wasn't accompanied by the \$40,000 coming back. Torontonians do like it and packed the two galleries of Massey Hall for nearly every performance to prove it; seats were cheaper up there. But they avoided the higher priced downstairs.

The 25-year-old Philadelphia La Scala Company gives 62 performances a year in the old Academy of Music and visits on tour Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Buffalo and Detroit. To those cities General Manager Francesco Pelosi hopes to add Toronto for an annual week of opera. But opera is an expensive pastime even when the company can draw on a well-heeled patronage and on tour

such an undertaking can cause major headaches.* Last week the company of principals, chorus, ballet and orchestra was a complete one and of first rate quality.

In the six productions certain general factors could be noted; first, that musical director Giuseppe Bamboschek with his assistant conductor Victor Trucco had strikingly developed the team or ensemble technique on stage, aiming at unity rather than separate flashes of choral and histrionic brilliance. Secondly, the orchestra was always an impressive feature and sometimes was better than what happened on stage. Third, the level of the principals' abilities, both in acting and singing, varied considerably but was never goshawful and in a few instances (e.g., Enzo Mascherini as Rigoletto) was as good

*Members of the company's 65-piece orchestra are paid \$125 a week. Singers in the chorus get \$85 a week. If they have solo words to sing, the rate is \$3 a word.

as anything at the Met. Sometimes secondary roles were better handled than primary ones. Fourth, the chorus was excellently trained but an overdiscipline on the occasional climax robbed it of dynamic force. Fifth, the ballet under William Sena's direction had good choreography and talented individual expression.

The sets and other physical stage elements, excepting costumes, showed the wear and tear of touring instead of the spic and span of a company in a fixed location. The old green curtain at Massey Hall that reduced the stage opening to workable dimensions should be replaced.

"Madame Butterfly" opened the series and set the pace with Bamboschek getting the utmost from those on the stage and in the pit. Petite Brazilian Violeta de Freitas as Cho-Cho San gave an impressive interpretation of the title role. Richard Bonelli played the U.S. consul with smooth singing and acting. The only weak link in an otherwise strong chain was tenor Eugene Conley.

Ensemble and Ballet

The next night in "Il Trovatore" the highlights were Anna Kaskas, well-known for solo appearances in Toronto, as Azucena, the gypsy witch, the good ensemble work directed by Trucco, baritone extraordinary Enzo Mascherini as Count di Luna, and the brilliant ballet divertissements in Act III. Applause on occasions stopped the show.

Soprano Eva de Luca took the role of Micaela and tall, blonde and handsome Winifred Heidt that of Carmen. By those who saw the whole series Miss Heidt's performance was considered the top combination of acting and singing. She played Carmen with subtleties, sometimes even restraint, instead of the usual boldness. Baritone Walter Cassel as Escamillo and Ramon Vinay as Don José completed the stellar cast. Once again ballet pieces were excellent.

If an armful of bouquets goes to Enzo Mascherini for his good voice and convincing portrayal of Rigoletto, Hilde Regianni as Gilda should receive a mere nosegay. Her voice was metallic on the high notes and her acting somewhat confused, stilted and frequently hammy.

The real hero of "Tosca" was conductor Bamboschek whose control of the dramatic development up to the climax, aided by the orchestra, was superb. June Kelly, as an oldish Floria, had only fair voice and histrionic ability. Easily the best on the stage was Walter Cassel as Baron Scarpia, the sadistic chief of police. Tenor Giuseppe Garibaldi sang well but acted with good old corn. The orchestra under Bamboschek's baton again stole the show in the final "Lucia di Lammermoor," which was weakest in the series otherwise.

All in all the week was a successful one, culturally if not financially, but as an annual affair the visit is still a pie in the sky. It is anticipated that the formation of an opera association in Toronto (350-400 patrons willing buy series tickets for \$50 a pair) would "guarantee Toronto an annual presentation of grand opera at its best"—or almost its best.

"Harvey" a Night of Riotous Rabbitry

By A. F. W. PLUMPTRE

BEFORE we went to see "Harvey" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre this week a friend who had seen it in New York some time in the past couple of years said that we should take a couple of good drinks beforehand. We thought at the time that this was because the play was not quite good enough by itself. Now we know that the drinks were just to put us in the right mood—so that we could swim through the evening with Elwood P. Dowd (Mr. Joe E. Brown) without getting our feet dangerously near the ground and without falling too far below the level of his great friend, Harvey, who measures six

feet one-and-a-half inches. (Whether a rabbit measures his height to the top of his ears or only to the top of his head we never discovered.)

It is a long time since we spent such a hilarious evening. Miss Chase has written a long play, but it moves very fast and has lots of good lines all through. The characters are attractive in inverse proportion to their sanity and sobriety, with Elwood P. Dowd leading the field in both lunacy and liquor. Some of the characters become lovable as time goes on; only

the completely damned fail even to catch a glimpse of Harvey. Dowd's intolerable sister (Miss Marion Lorne), who spends most of the play trying to get him put away into a psychopathic hospital, begins to be bearable when she admits that she saw Harvey in the kitchen, and redeems herself in the end when she decides that her brother is really nicer as he is, with Harvey thrown in, than he would be after a hospital cure that made him into an average, ordinary, unpleasant person. Even the head psychiatrist

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(Mr. Mitchell Harris), who epitomizes the unattractive rule of reason, emerges as a somewhat more human being after a few drinks with Dowd and Harvey.

Miss Lorne, as Dowd's sister, gave the most polished performance of the evening. A fussy, worried, muddle-headed matron with a daughter to launch in society (unattended by Harvey), she conveyed the impression that she was just managing to hold herself back from slipping over the brink into her brother's delightful lunacy. Mr. Brown was, as usual, an irresistible comic. As long as he was

acting Dowd's part all went well; but every now and then Dowd started throwing in a lot of business (about folding up a large piece of wax paper, or getting his coat out of place) that was pure Joe E. Brown, and, although the audience obviously liked Brown, Dowd was really better when he was being himself. The rest of the cast was rather wooden.

This did not matter much because Mr. Brown or Miss Lorne, or the invisible Harvey, were on the stage almost all the time, but things went rather badly when none of them was there.

THE FILM PARADE

Conventional Melodrama, Freshly and Unconventionally Handled

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT IS at least a dozen years since Robert Montgomery established himself as both a personable young man and a good screen actor; and there didn't seem to be any reason why he shouldn't have gone on playing personable young men on the screen until he was well over fifty. However, some insubordinate streak in him made him reject this easy-going prospect. First he shattered type-casting precedent by insisting on his role of psychopathic killer in "Night Must Fall". Then, more recently, he experimented with camera-eye technique in "Lady in the Lake"; and if the latter film wasn't quite the cinematic milestone it set out to be, at least it established the fact that anything Robert Montgomery does

on the screen is likely to be interestingly unconventional.

"Ride a Pink Horse" is the latest Montgomery film, with Robert Montgomery acting as both star and director. The story itself is a thriller of a fairly familiar type. A war veteran (Montgomery) comes to a little Mexican town for the purpose of shaking down a wartime racketeer. This is a risky experiment because the racketeer keeps himself well surrounded by the usual group of tight-faced men in double-breasted suits, while the hero has nothing but his army gun and a simple-minded notion of collecting \$30,000 and clearing out of town. He gets unexpected support, however, from a G-man (Art Smith) and from an Indian girl (Wanda Hendrix) who has received clairvoyant indications that his number is up and so tags after him doggedly, determined to save him. There are some exciting sequences of fight and violence and eventually the hero has to make his choice between handing over his incriminating evidence to the racketeer for cash, or surrendering it to the authorities like a respectable citizen. In the end he walks out of the picture, with nothing to show for his pains but a good conscience.

The story is familiar screen melodrama. The treatment, however, is oddly unorthodox. The hero, far from being superlatively resourceful and alert, is capable of entertaining only one idea at a time. He doesn't rescue the heroine; she rescues him. The heroine herself is probably the most bedraggled starlet that ever faced her first big picture. The hero doesn't fall in love with her, because he is outraged by her appearance and also because emotions are as foreign to him as ideas.

These divergencies aren't enough in themselves to make an arresting picture, though they undoubtedly help. Other factors have been supplied—sharp direction, a tightly written script, and a quite extraordinary performance by Robert Montgomery, who moves through the picture with a strange goon-like obliviousness to either danger or rescue. There is an impressive performance too by Fred Clark, a large quiet man equipped with a hearing-aid—the necessary touch of disability which always adds immeasurably to menace.

Clearing Away Conventions

There is nothing particularly revolutionary about "Ride a Pink Horse", and no noticeable reaching out after subtlety. Apparently Robert Montgomery isn't interested in making "critics' pictures", which usually turn out to be pretty dreary entertainment for everybody, including critics. He is content to take the industry as he finds it and by clearing away some of the more crusted conventions, turn out genuine audience-pictures, which should be interesting to everybody.

Balletophiles and O'Brienophobes had both better stay away from "The Unfinished Dance," since traditional ballets gets a fine expensive lousing-up here, while the emotional department is completely dominated by little Miss O'Brien. You won't recognize "Swan Lake" by the time the Holly-

wood ballet company have reorganized it along the lines of precision routine, and it is to be hoped you will not recognize any of the spiritual convulsions undergone by little Margaret. "She loves so much that she gets hallucinations" one of her admirers points out in "The Unfinished Dance". If you remember, this was exactly Joan Crawford's predicament in "Possessed". Margaret O'Brien isn't quite ready for advance schizophrenic roles yet, but in her latest picture she manages to pass most of the preliminaries, including dream-states, melancholia and screaming-fits. It is enough to give you the creeps, but it seems to be a lot of people's idea of entertainment.

"Mother Wore Tights" is a long sentimental reminiscence of vaudeville days, with Betty Grable and Dan Dailey as a married song and dance team. The producers have trusted largely to the gaudiness of the material to carry the picture and I think they have been over-confident. The story, such as it is, is simply a description of life-long marital devotion. Neither of the principles seemed particularly qualified to make the story stick.

SWIFT REVIEW

POSSESSED. Another of the screen's current wrestling matches with the problem of personality. This one

looks like the final of the series. With Joan Crawford, Van Heflin.

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES. Sam Goldwyn's study of the returned veteran problem. The film has some fine moments but doesn't quite justify the expenditure of \$3 million and three hours' time. With Fredric March, Myrna Loy, Teresa Wright, Dana Andrews.

THE PERILS OF PAULINE. Betty Hutton in a rowdy interpretation of the life of Pearl White, serial queen of the silents.

QUIET WEEKEND. A mild English comedy, which is reminiscent of the pre-Arthur Rank period in the British film industry.



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To Many Hearts and Pocketbooks A Little Country Home Is Dear

ACRES AND PAINS—by S. J. Perelman
—McClelland & Stewart—\$2.25.

PRACTICALLY coincident with the first huddling together of man into urban communities was the development of a frantic urge to get away from it all. This, all town planners to the contrary notwithstanding, has been the chief culture of cities. It has not mattered that the economic or aesthetic reasons for the larger assemblages of habitations have been of the soundest. Over all other factors the practically atavistic motivation to "live in the country" has perennially triumphed and today is still at full flood. This has been of immense material advantage to those settled and pragmatic ruralists with

dwellings and property at their disposal; it has also been the occasion for an almost incredible volume of fiscal and physical grief on the part of the lemming-like urbanites.

This latter partial phenomenon, whatever its effect on population trends has led to the creation of a new and steadily growing literary mood. For it has not been the soothing, how-easy-it-all-is school of writers who have struck pay dirt in the back forty. The real rewards have been reserved for the creators of those tortured eclogues who have pictured country life as something possible, just possible, for the strongest hearts and minds to endure.

A Friendly Hand

This year's classic, of course, was Eric Hodgins' "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House", that painfully documented, and equally hilarious, story of the city-feller's descent to the ultimate of rural despair. Now comes Mr. Perelman, "America's most precious lunatic" of *New Yorker* and *S. E. Post* fame, to devote his frenetic Broadwayese to a series of shrill yelps about his sufferings. Perelman's material surroundings never take the careful physical shape of Blandings'; he is merely perpetually assaulted by an assortment of vicious natural causes which are seemingly as unconquerable as the seasons. Blandings' tragedy was episodic and cumulative; Perelman's is that of man who finds another custard pie waiting, no matter which new corner he turns. Both books have been and are, best-sellers. But neither will stop the steady trek to the now sharply highlighted areas of rural delights.

"Acres and Pains" is raucously funny throughout and at times achieves some memorable phraseology. "In the country" says Perelman, "folks are more matey; there is always an extra stiletto for the newcomer and a friendly hand ready to tighten around his throat."

The Perelmans began to infest their country place some fifteen years ago and in that period the author has learned "that to lock horns with Nature, the only equipment you really need is the constitution of Paul Bunyan and the basic training of a commando." In a succession of laconic chapters he runs through all the common perils of the countryside: the rotation crop of "hard" men, always called Laff; the equally evanescent series of maidservants, lured from their city dwellings; the remodelling of the house and the disastrous construction of the swimming pool; the gardening ventures which always ended up with nothing but tomatoes and squash, and the flock of cows which added up to forty dollars per glass of milk.

The Crackling Fire

Possibly one of the brighter bits is the description of the night he spent alone in his country retreat, "snuggled down in front of a crackling fire", reading a literary work upside down and listening intently to a noise in the kitchen "suggestive of a musical saw, smothered by a soft, mirthless laugh, ending in a sharp click. My dogs, quick to guard their master, formed into a hollow square and withdrew under the couch.

"Probably caused by a draft from an open window, or something.

"Or something," agreed one of the dogs from under the couch."

Then the radio added its bit about the three homicidal maniacs still at large and, in the attic someone "started dragging a body across the floor by the hair, occasionally belting it with a strap. I took ten or twelve small fruit tablets and straightway fell into a refreshing doze, which would have lasted until morning had my family not returned unexpectedly. They had a little trouble recognizing me with white hair . . ."

So goes Perelman. Thousands of people are lapping it up and loving it.

FOR THE RECORD

The Story of English Literature, by R. F. Patterson. (N.Y., Philosophical Library, \$3.75) Dr. Patterson gives the keynote to this extremely readable and usable book in his preface. "Dean Swift, the prince of ironists, says that the most accomplished way of using books is 'to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance.' This unassuming book is not intended to foster knowledge of this kind; it is meant to supplement rather than supplant the study of our great writers. A first-hand acquaintance with a dozen or so of our best authors is worth more than an encyclopedic knowledge of all the books about books that have ever been written." A Cambridge scholar, Dr. Patterson is now General Editor of the Scottish Text Society and in his biographical surveys he has made canny use of "every legitimate device of compression;" this has not, however, in any way stultified his sprightly style.

Smoke Over Birkenau, by Seweryna Szmaglewska. (Oxford, \$4.25) Up to January 18, 1945, a total of about five million people were burned in the crematories of Oswiecim; this Polish girl writer was one of the very few who survived imprisonment, in 1942, in one of the more notorious of the German horror-camps. This book is her simple and horrible story and the quiet and tragic manner of its telling adds to its macabre effectiveness. It is described as "a social document which proves two things: the extreme lengths to which the Nazis could and would go, and the hard, indestructible inner core of dignity which helps a human being to survive under intolerable conditions." The book is naturally not pleasant reading but it will serve as a very grim warning as to what may one day happen again.

Russia and the Russians, by Edward Crankshaw. (Macmillans, \$2.50) Mr.

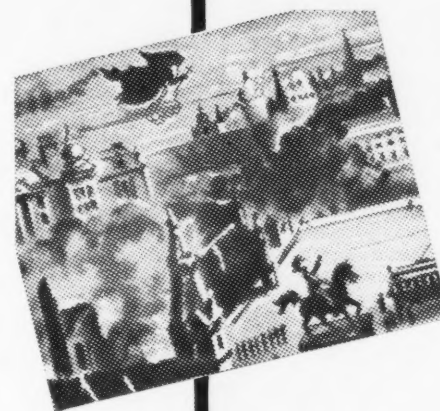
Crankshaw's English publishers say that "too often the Russians do not make sense to us. But they make sense to themselves. It is not a sense that can be explained in terms of Western images. It can only be felt." This is the author's approach to today's greatest problem and he has chosen to discuss it as an artist, not as a reporter or historian. The result is a highly pleasant and readable book which surveys the geographical and historical background in an attempt to explain what has happened. He concludes: "It means that for the last hundred years the Russian people have been strongly and radically influencing Western civilization, as it were in spite of themselves, with by far the greater number of

them existing in apparently irredeemable darkness of spirit. In face of the record of this achievement we have to ask what happens when all these millions of sleepers begin at last to awake. We have to ask what happens now."



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THE MELTING POT

Accustomed as We Are

By J. N. HARRIS

Montreal.

THE total amount of public speaking endured weekly by Canadians, whether measured in decibels, decibels of decibels, or man-hours, is altogether too much. And one of its chief drawbacks is that it is all relatively free from serious criticism.

If you write a book, it gets torn to pieces in every sort of publication. If you perform at a concert, music critics hoe in mercilessly. If you write, produce, or act in a play, you have to be prepared for almost anything.

Yet public speakers can get up and throw their efforts to the Lions, or even to the Faculty Club with the certain knowledge that they will receive a polite speech of thanks in return. The worst that can happen is that they won't be asked back.

Why is this?

There ought to be a Public Speaking critic on every newspaper, who could also cover sermons on Sunday.

"A rather pathetic spectacle," was a typical criticism would read, "was presented at noon yesterday by H. F. Largely at the Bears Club. Mr. Largely had obviously eaten too much blueberry pie, which cut his endurance down, so that he had to pause in the middle even of simple sentences. His habit of pausing to say 'Aw-uh' between sentences considerably annoyed the members, who felt in general that the speech could have been shortened by ten minutes.

"Mr. Largely, probably with the kindest of motives, attempted to chocolate-coat the pill of a dreary speech by interpolating some quite unrelated jokes into the text. The introduction, for instance, reminded him, as he said, of a man who was introduced by a long-winded speaker. Not, he hastened to add, that his introducer had been long-winded—far from it. But . . .

"Later, something reminded him of the difference between a politician and a lady. (If she says yes, she's not a lady). These jokes, culled from a well-known Aid to Public Speakers, are better left alone."

This sort of thing would give honest work to newspapermen and might have a beneficial effect on luncheon speakers. Sermon criticisms could be even livelier and more controversial.

"Dr. Fields was in weaker voice during the evening sermon yesterday. His denunciation of a certain powerful rival organization lacked its usual vigor, and members of the congregation heard ugly rumors that he was pulling his punches. No candles were used, however, and the sensitive nose was unable to detect any waft of incense."

Or perhaps:

"The Dean's sermon yesterday, heard by only a handful on account of the perfect weather, was wisely selected from 'My Book of Favorite Sermons'. This old stand-by had its usual nothing effect, and many of the parishioners were not aroused until the organ began to play for the final hymn."

Capable criticisms could be used: "Dr. Holborn's treatment of the miracle at Cana was delicate and masterly, and succeeded in the not-simple task of reconciling the facts of the Scriptural account with the Liquor Control Act of Ontario and the tenets of the Canadian Temperance Federation."

But there, I see an ecumenical committee of all the clergymen approaching with faggots, so it's time to stop.

ONCE more our universities are in full swing, a fact brought home to us by newspaper photographs of ivied walls, co-eds, and half backs.

McGill, after a great deal of talk about the lack of amateurism in other institutions, and complaints about importations and recruiting methods, has retained the services of a Mr. Obeck as Lecturer in Football at a salary reported to be \$10,000 per annum. Authorities tell us that this

compares favorably with the salaries of other professors.

At Toronto, the faculty has other things to think about at the moment. The rise of N.K.V.D. methods in finding out how professors spend their time has them worried. Will it spread?

Last year, as SATURDAY NIGHT readers are well aware, a form was introduced on which department heads reported just how much time their wretched ushers spent in lecturing, how much in counselling stu-

dents, and how much in private study.

The last figure, lending itself to wholesale cooking, is potentially dangerous. Is private study a camouflage for crossword puzzles, or reading *Time*? Or can these activities be legitimately construed as private study? Is the worthy cleaning woman who keeps popping in and out just what she appears? Or is she an agent from Simcoe Hall?

As suspicion grows, the poor don can hardly trust his senses. That mature-looking student in Ichthyology 3f—is he an ex-serviceman or a Galuplifter taking a poll?

A troublesome feature of the report forms to be filled in by department heads is a section to be filled in quite arbitrarily dealing with Interest, Aptitude, and Originality.

"In our department any mention

of originality would automatically be considered an adverse report," he said, sadly.

. . .

RIGOR MORTIS AND THE CARELESS RAPTURE

"DID you ever go to an undertakers' convention?

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Problem Child's Self-Expression Is Not Necessarily Mayhem

By MARJORIE WILKINS CAMPBELL

GEORGINA Race hurried home from the bus. She always seemed to be hurrying these days, and she didn't like hurry. It made a woman look tense and unlovely. But what could you do with a house to look after, shopping, a husband, a daughter and a son. If you stayed home all the time you became dull. If you tried to go out to tea, as she had done today, you had to hurry home to get dinner and you had to hurry because you never knew what Jamie might be up to; really, Jamie was getting to be almost more than she could cope with. He was completely unpredictable.

Was she a bad manager, she wondered, turning into her own street. Had they brought up their children badly? Certainly it wasn't because

they hadn't tried to give them the best of everything, including experience and opportunity for self-expression. After Jamie's last effort at self-expression, Georgina was inclined to question all self-expression, especially for fifteen-year-olds.

Thank heaven, Jamie wasn't suffering any apparent ill effects from nearly blowing up himself and the entire house. And the doctor had assured them that his eyebrows would grow in again. But why did he have to try such dangerous experiments? Other boys grew up without burning oil soaked waste in the furnace or driving everyone out of the house with rotten-egg chemical fumes. Other youngsters with skating rinks in the back yard got away with driving pucks through downstairs win-

dows. But not Jamie. They still couldn't figure out how he had managed to put the puck through their bathroom window and the mirror on the medicine cabinet.

She hurried on apprehensively, knowing that she looked like the neighbor's charwoman who jerked along the street every Monday morning at nine-ten, her body at right angles with her hurrying legs. And that was another thing. Keeping peace between Jamie and the charwoman. Of course there wouldn't be that struggle if Mrs. McTavish could come any other day but Saturday. Or if Jamie would get up and get out of the way with Sandy. They had so much in common, her son and Sandy. Together they had doubtless engraved a spaniel and a huge, gawky boy on her heart. Georgina smiled as she thought of that, but the smile was partly due to sheer relief that the house was still standing intact. Fire reels could be in front of it.

In a Big Way

Keeping peace between Mrs. McTavish and Jamie. Keeping peace between Betsy and Jamie. Keeping peace between Jim and Jamie—that was what took so much time and energy. Her tummy fluttered with butterflies of apprehension every time Jim had to dress for a dinner. Even though she had checked his dress shirt and tie half an hour before and knew Jamie had no special heavy date for the evening, she couldn't be sure he wasn't going to do a skit for Hi Time Tonics. For Jamie tried everything. He went in for sports in a big way. He did his fearful chemical experiments in the recreation room. He did a neat imitation of The Voice, especially when dressed in his father's precious, pre-war dinner jacket. He cooked. He even made fairly good marks at school when they all kept prodding him to study. Or was it when they didn't prod him? Georgina sometimes wondered.

That was another worry. Were they all paying too much attention to Jamie? Would he be better if they didn't make him the center of attention? If they merely left him alone and withheld all advice? But how could anyone ignore Jamie? You couldn't ignore the gang—ten of 'em—piling into the kitchen for after-skating snacks if you were trying to play a serious game of bridge. You most certainly couldn't ignore them when they came into the living room for a chummy visit.

That was what happened last night. With most of their childed friends the bridge game could have dissolved in understanding laughter, a cup of coffee and some of the Dagwoods which Jamie offered with his usual generous good humor. But the Cromptons were different. Harper Crompton was also an important business associate of Jim's. Oh, she could see that Jim had every right to be short and sharp with Jamie and the gang at that particular moment. She could also understand why Jim didn't go right to sleep after he went to bed, why he kept mumbling and growling about their son. Because Jamie's intentions had been so good, just as they always were. Unfortunately, the Cromptons hadn't been playing hockey. They weren't in the mood for four-tiered sandwiches. They were keen bridge players.

Plenty of Butter

She fumbled for her key to open the front door. The bus had been late and she was late. The vegetables were prepared, but they could hardly be cooked before Jim got home. And she was going to have enough on her hands placating Jim when he met Jamie after last night, without Jim having to wait for dinner. When Jim came home tired she always tried to direct his attention to good food. Her husband usually seemed better able to face problems after a satisfactory meal. In fact they were all going to need a satisfactory meal if they were to survive Jim's ultimatum that Jamie was to go to boarding school.

Georgina's heart became limp at the thought. Not yet. She couldn't let Jamie go yet. After all, he was her only son. And Betsy needed her brother. Somehow she must get Jim to give

up the idea. Why, life without Jamie would be . . .

There was a light in the kitchen. There was also the smell of cooking. And then there was Jamie's voice, so deep that it still reminded her of Sandy's first amazed attempt at a bark.

"Hi, Mom!"

"Hi, Jamie!" How much could go into those two words, "Hi, mom"! Sometimes it was casual, sometimes it was demanding. It could be bereft, as when the springer was killed. It could be happy. It could be excited, as it was now.

"C'm an' see. Your chef, madam," he exclaimed as she hurried into the kitchen.

"Why—why, Jamie!"

He had her green smoked apron tied about his middle, and on him it

was the size of a sporran. His hair was tousled. The sleeves of his blue and white sweater were rolled up high.

Georgina saw it all in a flash. The dining table set. The plates warming. The steak on the grill, ready for the oven. Jamie's strong arms mashing potatoes into piles of fluff.

"Surprise, Mrs. Race," he said, his eyes startling without lashes or brows. He glanced down at her. "Everything's ready, except the steak. Now why you wimmen make such a fuss about getting meals I never know . . ."

"But, Jamie. . ."

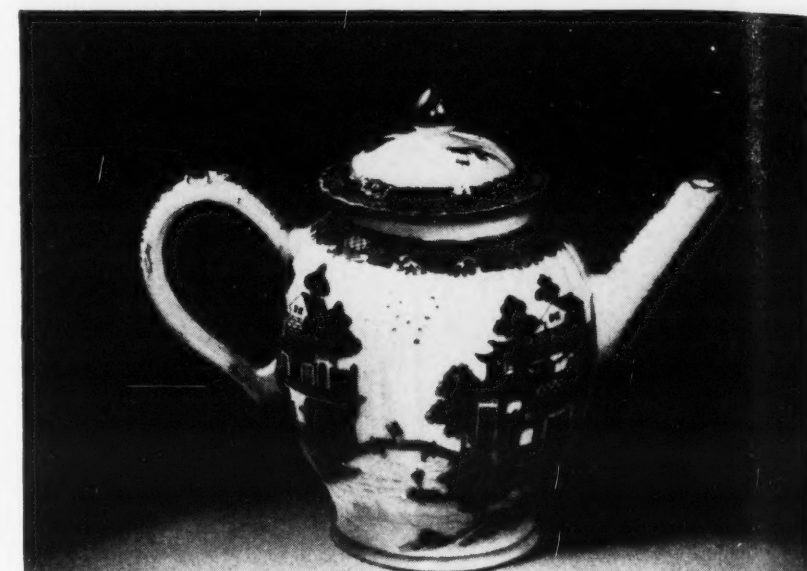
"Run along and wash your hands." He mimicked her voice "But first give an eye to these kurphs. I've been doin' a little experimentin'. What you need with potatoes," he said, "is plenty of butter, see? And lotsa pepper."



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● Oriental Lowestoft, produced in China, was an item in the cargo of many an early 19th Century clipper ship. The rare old tea-pot illustrated above, popularly known as Chinese Export Ware, is made of fine porcelain exquisitely hand painted in blue. Photograph by courtesy of the Royal Ontario Museum.

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Europeans Want to Leave Home and Canada Is Promised Land

By MARION LAUDY

THE Immigration Officer at the Hague persisted in every objection, real and fancied, to granting me a visa for Canada. At last he signed my passport, sighing resignedly. "You see, I wish to go to Canada myself!" It is true that in 1947 the word Canada has a near-magic appeal for thousands of Europeans. I leave it to you Canadians, who are so truthfully informed on current world news, to judge whether this anxiety to cross the ocean is from war weariness, the food situation, lost faith in Europe's cultural task, political frustration, or just love of travel. This last reason is certainly not the least in Holland; for we are a sea-people, who have lived for the last six years walled up close like prisoners, so that many cannot stand it longer and must join the

queue before the Immigration Office—gateway to a promised land.

That gateway had now opened for me. The morning I left Amsterdam by the Scandinavian Express, I let my family and friends take the taxi, and went alone by streetcar to the Central Station. I wanted to bid good-bye to Amsterdam from my heart—and how do this better than in an overcrowded streetcar, with Amsterdam's youth clinging like a bees'-swarm to the rear platform, shouting, whistling, laughing? I listened to the wit of the good-tempered conductor, and saw appear and disappear the dim green canals under the old inclining trees. The chimes of the Muntsteeples played as we passed, and I gave a last admiring look at that large grey building, the Queen's Palace on the Dam, where once Queen Wilhelmina and the Dutch people honored your victorious Canadians.

The last I saw of Holland was a landscape that could have been painted by Jacob Ruysdael. Over huge dark oak-trees hung a low greyish watery-blue sky, immobile and threatening. Before we arrived at Bentheim (Germany) it was raining, quiet and mournful. The station loud-speaker repeated monotonously the prohibition against throwing out any food to the children and women who were waiting along the track for our train to pass them, during shunting. Nobody obeyed the injunction.

Sombre Symbols

We were in the dining-car when we reached Hamburg. It grew dim. Slowly the train snaked round the large deserted town—town of ghosts. Some rhythm in the jerky engine reminded me of the melody of Saint-Saens "Danse Macabre." I would not have felt any surprise if from behind some still splendid baroque façade the dead had arisen, and whirled to the centre of a great square to dance there around an undamaged proud equestrian statue. For the town is full of these strange sights—statues and elaborate sculptural detail, saved and immaculate amidst the almost complete destruction.

We were commanded by the British Military Police to pull down our shades, so that we should not be observed eating. But as I sat near a window I could see around the shade, and received the appalling impression of a death-town. In long wide streets, laid out for enormous traffic, scarcely a person walked, thoughtful. When the shadows grew darker (the night must be a blessing for the survivors of this town!) there were still the silhouettes, high lonely walls with empty windows, churches of which the spiral iron structure outlined itself as a sombre symbol against the night sky.

It was at Flensburg, near the Danish frontier, that I met the real myrmidons of Hitler. I recall that when I opened the door of my compartment to a knock, I suddenly shrank back. There stood again the "green policemen"—the same uniform, remembered from the times they took our cycles, hunted our Jews, or searched our houses. Memory was stronger than common sense, I shuddered. Then I remarked that the swastika had disappeared from the caps. That was the only change. Those caps still had the same smart line, and the Customs officers wore them with pride.

We were awakened by a heavy shock, and perceived that the whole train had been loaded on a Danish ferryboat, to bring us over the Great Belt—something of a technical wonder, this. When we arrived at the island Seeland and drove to Copenhagen, I could not throw off the idea that the day before there had been a spring-cleaning of the whole country. I never before saw streets which looked as though they had just been scrubbed; where every house and church glanced spotless white. The prosperous fields were carefully cultivated, no corner forgotten. An almost unreal mood of peace reigned in the villages.

JOAN RIGBY

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And while over the rest of Europe the thunderstorms come down, Sweden also gives the impression of a nation living in calm happiness. Arriving, you seem to enter a luxurious home with a peaceful united family, unconscious of the burning house in the neighborhood. In such a family you can enjoy delicate luxury, refined taste, and comfort. Not disturbed by war problems, the Swedes have devoted themselves to everything that makes life agreeable. Everyone was delighted with the beautifully-arranged window displays, the well-dressed people (of all classes), the kind complacency, the perfect hotel care. In many hotel rooms the furniture and the wall decorations were not only tasteful but often precious. Even working-class restaurants were freshly painted, with flowers to embellish the tables, the floors clean, the air fresh. Leaving Sweden, I felt that I had been the guest of a perfect housewife with serene manners, who had surrounded me with assiduous attentions. The same feeling persisted on the Swedish boat "Gripsholm."

When we passed the statue of Liberty, entering New York, rain and dark clouds came down to veil the prospect, and beside me at the ship's rail somebody said: "I'd like to lay a wreath at her feet, and tell her how glad I am to have escaped to a continent where she is reigning—the dark clouds don't matter!"

And with that same thought I fell asleep that night, on the train to Canada—the promised country.



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CONCERNING FOOD

Cookery of the Good Old Days
Only a Snare and a Delusion?

By JANET MARCH

IT IS a pity that fashion is not as important in the field of cookery as it is in clothes. No one bothers you with long tales of how Grannie fixed her bustle or upswept her hair over a rat — isn't that what they were called?—or fastened on, without benefit of zipper, that essential winter garment the red flannel petticoat. These matters are left in decent silence, but when it comes to cookery anyone who has ever stirred up a plain white sauce will, at the

drop of a hat, begin a long dissertation on how her more antique relatives cooked.

These wonder women operated without any of the modern conveniences of gas and electricity, or refrigeration, and that tricky jade memory recalls only their successes, the pastry that flaked so lightly, the turkey stuffed with chestnuts, the home-made rolls, the cakes which never sagged even under a tremendous weight of icing. No mention is made of the dishes which tasted a trifle queer in summer's heat or of Great-Uncle's indigestion, no doubt brought on by a diet of meat and starches with never a sign of fresh fruit or salads. Even if they were short on equipment which we think necessary now, they had some things we don't—cheap eggs, butter and sugar or, if they didn't, they bankrupted their husbands.

I have a cook book before me called "Good Living" published in 1890 which is more economical than most of that period, but it talks of butter by the half pound not the tablespoon and nearly all of the cakes listed in it have five eggs in them. Then too these women had time or they had cooks to do it for them with time. Even so I doubt that the meals were really as good as they are now.

The next person who starts a long one on how Great Aunt Sarah always dried her own herbs and baked her own beans is suddenly going to find her audience dimin-

ished by one. I'll be on my way home to let down my skirts to keep up with fashion while the stew for dinner cooks in the pressure cooker.

Nowadays when the dinner dishes are quite a problem it's good to find a recipe which cooks two things together and so reduces serving dishes. Then too after a summer of eating boiled new potatoes it's pleasant to have them baked for a change.

Sausages And Potatoes

- 8 potatoes
- 8 sausages
- 8 slices of bacon
- Salt and pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water

Scrub the potatoes, and then make holes through them the long way with the apple corer. Push a sausage into each hole and arrange the potatoes and sausages in a flat baking dish. Put a slice of bacon on top of each potato, add the half cup of water to the dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cook in an oven at 300 to 325 for about an hour until the potatoes are done. If the bacon seems to be drying up, cover the dish and baste three or four times during the hour.

Now that we are safely into the months with R's in them why not have oyster stew? Not long ago I sat up at the counter of the Oyster Bar in the Grand Central Station in New York and craned my neck to see just exactly what they did. The secret seemed to be in using quite an amount of butter, melted first and adding a lot of paprika. The stew was only cooked long enough to ensure the oysters being hot right through. Simmering for a long time doesn't agree with oysters. You can mix up the rest of the ingredients and drop the oysters in last thing. When they curl round the edges they are done.

Oyster Stew

- 8 ounces of oysters
- 2 cups of milk
- 2 tablespoons of butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of Worcester sauce
- Paprika
- Pepper and salt

Melt the butter first and add the salt and pepper, Worcester sauce and paprika, then the milk, and if you can make some of it cream or top of the bottle, the stew will be that much better. When the milk mixture is hot add the oysters with their liquor and cook till they are hot. Serve at once.

Just to put Grandma to shame how about running up a batch of bread with some of that flour you laid in?

Bread

- 6 cups of flour
- 1 cake of yeast
- 2 tablespoons of warm water
- 1 cup of milk
- 2 tablespoons of shortening
- 2 teaspoons of salt
- 1 tablespoon of sugar
- 1 cup of water

Mix the yeast with the lukewarm water. Heat the milk, and while it is heating mix the shortening, salt and sugar together. Add the milk to the shortening mixture and stir till the shortening melts, then add the water and let cool to lukewarm temperature, then add the yeast. Sift in the flour, mixing as you do it. When it is all added sprinkle the board or table with flour and knead the dough for some minutes.

When it is nice and smooth put it in a bowl which has been greased, cover the bowl and put it somewhere to rise. Some people believe in putting it on a radiator, or in the oven after it has been heated and turned off. Another way is to boil your kettle and wrap the kettle and the bowl up in a blanket and leave them.

When the dough has doubled in bulk put it out on the floured board and divide it into loaves to fit the pans you want to use. Only half fill the pans, cover and put them in a warm place and let the dough again double in bulk.

Prick the top of the loaves with a fork and put them in a hot oven—about 400—for fifteen minutes and then reduce the heat to 375 and cook for another twenty to thirty minutes.

FINISHING TOUCH

GARNISHING does for food what framing does for a picture. The frame is carefully chosen to accent the picture. In the same manner garnishes should be chosen to complement the food we serve. Let your standard be simplicity. Over-garnishing produces a repelling effect. It is preferable to have too little rather than too much. Garnishes should be edible and should have a fresh appearance. If they are supposed to be crisp, be sure they are crisp before serving. Drain them well, if they have been made crisp by standing in water.

Colorful garnishes should be used on dishes which are themselves lacking in color. However, be sure the colors do not clash. If the food is to

be served hot, use garnishes that will stand up—do not serve jellies with them.—Consumer Section, Dom. Dept. of Agriculture.

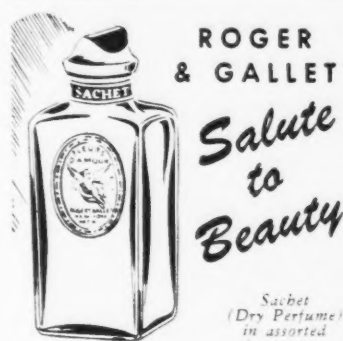
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THE OTHER PAGE

The Fur Coat

By KATHLEEN STRANGE

MYRTLE THOMPSON was the last guest to leave Mrs. Halley-Morrison's bridge party. She was a timid, gentle little thing, who hadn't yet got over feeling flattered and excited at being included in Mrs. Halley-Morrison's exclusive circle of friends.

Myrtle passed Belle Jackson and Miriam Stone on the stairs as she went up to get her wraps. Later she heard them making their farewells to their hostess in the hall.

There was no one in the big,

luxuriously-furnished bedroom when Myrtle entered it. The two peach-colored satin spreads were slightly rumpled from the weight of the winter coats that had lain on them all afternoon.

Myrtle's hat, scarf and gloves were on the further bed. She looked around for her new kolinsky coat. She couldn't see it anywhere.

Myrtle was certain she had left her coat on the bed with her other things. Well, perhaps someone had moved it. She looked carefully all around the room. She even peered into the two cupboards. But her fur coat wasn't in either of them.

A panicky feeling began to steal over her and to settle in the pit of her stomach. Where was her coat?

At that moment Mrs. Halley-Morrison came into the room.

"I'm glad you're still here, Myrtle. John has just come in. The car's still outside and he can run you home. It'll save you bothering your husband to come over for you."

"Oh, thanks!" How kind Mrs. Halley-Morrison was! Myrtle hesitated a moment, and then said, a bit breathlessly: "I can't find my fur coat, Mrs. Halley-Morrison. D'you suppose someone might have taken it by mistake? But there'd be another left in its place then, wouldn't there? Oh, dear, it looks as if it had been taken—on purpose!" The last words came out in a little rush.

"My dear!" Mrs. Halley-Morrison's voice held a mixture of shocked surprise and mild reproof. "Who on earth would have taken your coat? We'll have another look around. It must be here somewhere." And she began opening and shutting doors. She even went into the two other bedrooms on the same floor and looked carefully around them.

"That is queer," she admitted at length. "It certainly doesn't seem to be here!" Her eyes were frankly worried. "Where can it have gone to, I wonder?"

"I don't know," Myrtle said helplessly.

"The maids are absolutely trustworthy, I know," Mrs. Halley-Morrison reflected. "Both Edna and Mary have been with me for several years. Still, to make sure, I'll run up and take a look in their rooms."

When she returned, a few minutes later, her expression was more concerned.

"Nothing there!" She spoke in a low, disturbed voice. "It really does look, Myrtle, as if one of my guests must have taken it. But which one? We all know each other so well. I cannot believe such a thing of any one of them!"

"Nor I," Myrtle agreed, forlornly.

"I'll lend you my own fur coat to go home in," Mrs. Halley-Morrison offered kindly. "It's old, but it'll keep you warm."

"Please don't bother," Myrtle protested quickly. "I'll phone Charles and have him bring me my cloth coat."

"This really is a most unpleasant thing to have happened in my home," Mrs. Halley-Morrison said, as they waited in the living-room for Myrtle's husband to arrive. "But perhaps it'll turn up. There must be some explanation."

WHEN Myrtle told her husband the story he looked very grave.

"Of course, we must phone the police at once."

"Oh, no, please, Charles," Myrtle begged. "I'd rather never see my coat again than have my friends dragged into anything like that. Can't we try to get it back some other way?"

After some argument, in their own home that night, Charles agreed to keep the matter quiet. "What I can do, however, is to phone all the furriers and second-hand stores in town. Give them a detailed description of your coat and tell them to let us know at once if anyone brings such a coat in. The first thing the thief is likely to do is to have the lining changed, or the collar altered, so it won't be re-

cognizable. Or they may try to sell it."

During the next few weeks Myrtle worried herself almost sick thinking about her coat and who could possibly have stolen it. There had been eight of them at the party. Most of them had played bridge together many times before. Some of the women had known each other since their school days.

Belle Jackson and Miriam Stone were out of it, of course, as she had met them on the stairs and had seen that they were carrying nothing. Little Marcella Knowles! What of her? Marcella played a lot of bridge. It was said that she had debts that she sometimes found it difficult to pay. Had Marcella got herself into a jam and succumbed to temptation? Oh, but she and Marcella had played together as kids. She couldn't believe it of her!

Dolores Johnson had left early. She had said goodbye to them all from the door of the living room and had let herself out. She could have taken the coat, of course. Jenny Benson, Paula Newton, Frances Wright

and Mary Thomas had straggled out soon afterwards. Myrtle didn't remember seeing them go. But they were all well off. Better off than she was herself. How could she suspect any one of them *stealing*?

Yet one of these women had taken her coat. She was sure of it now. She almost hoped she would never find out who it was.

SEVERAL times Mrs. Halley-Morrison phoned her. Had she heard anything? What was she doing about it?

Myrtle replied that she had no news of her coat. No, she hadn't put the matter into the hands of the police. If the coat didn't turn up, she would have to accept the loss. Grin and bear it, that was all!

A month passed. Then one day the telephone rang.

"This is Miles Ludwig, the furrier," a man's voice announced. "I have in my store a lady who wishes to turn in a fur coat on a new one. The coat she has with her seems to fit the description your husband left with me of your own coat, madam. Could you

come down at once and identify it? I will hold the customer till you arrive. If you will come in from the back entrance, the person will not see you, and perhaps you will recognize her."

Myrtle drove downtown, her heart beating fast with apprehension and dismay. *Would the coat be hers? Would she recognize the woman?*

Mr. Ludwig's assistant let her into the workroom and went to call his boss. Mr. Ludwig came at once. He carried a soft brown kolinsky coat over his arm. It was her own coat, all right. She recognized it at a glance.

"Is this yours, madam? Please examine it carefully."

She nodded dumbly.

"Come this way, please," the furrier whispered. "I will show you the lady who brought it."

He opened a door leading into the showroom.

"Over there, by the mirror."

Myrtle drew a deep breath and looked through the opening. Standing by the mirror was Mrs. Halley-Morrison.

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Britain's Use of Gold Reserve Not Alarming

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

London.

Alarm in British financial circles over the use of the gold reserve in the present crisis is unnecessary, says Mr. Marston, as long as it is used sparingly as a means to keep going until benefit from increased exports is felt. The reserve need not fall much below the present £600,000,000 which is adequate, although hopelessly insufficient if called upon to finance an unchanging deficit.

Meanwhile, talks have been continuing amicably between Britain and South Africa to ensure that replenishments to the reserve should be forthcoming from that country's gold.

BRITAIN'S Foreign Secretary, Mr. Bevin, achieved an unfortunate notoriety for the poor economics as well as the questionable diplomacy of his proposal that the U.S. gold should be "redistributed" from the vaults of Fort Knox. That was early in September.

In the same month, as if to underline the irrelevance of the suggestion to current conditions, Britain sold £20 millions of gold to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York—the first of probably quite a number of such transactions.

Coming shortly after the announcement of plans to balance the over-

seas trade account by mid-1948 this transfer caused a shock in the City of London, though with no more dollars currently available from the U.S. loan it is hardly surprising that the Treasury has to have recourse to the gold reserve to meet the deficit which naturally persists until the export drive gives substantial results.

Another interim measure was put into force immediately afterwards, when £15 millions of dollars was acquired from the International Monetary Fund in exchange for sterling. This transaction, incidentally, was a direct result of the plan to balance overseas trade, for the deficit could not previously have been classified as a "temporary disequilibrium" and could not, therefore, have been met with the aid of the I.M.F. This was an important indication that the Fund was to play some part, if not a decisive one, in the crisis which the Bretton Woods organizations were supposed to prevent.

The gold reserve from which the sales have been made was estimated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Dalton, at the beginning of August at £600 millions. It represents the final resources not only of Britain but of the whole sterling area, and it was certainly fortunate that the representatives of the Commonwealth were available in London at the time to be kept informed as to the true position.

The discussions among the various representatives—of the U.K., Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, India and Pakistan—marked the first, but necessarily inconclusive, stage of the Commonwealth's plans to reduce dollar expenditure; and these plans, not only Britain's individual import cuts and expansion of exports, will, it is hoped, eventually close the Empire's dollar gap.

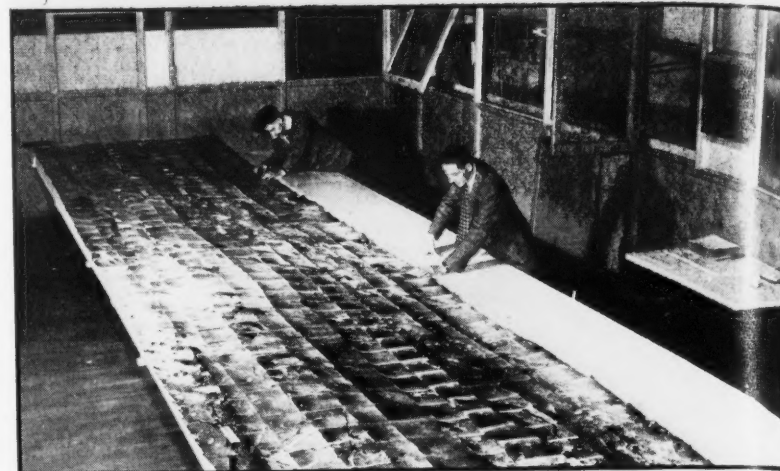
Further Provisions

At the same time, another series of talks was in progress, aimed to ensure that the gold reserve, while being depleted, should not lack replenishments. The agreement signed between Great Britain and South Africa in July 1946, providing that South Africa should sell gold to the Bank of England to a value not less than £80 million in each of the years 1946 and 1947, was coming to an end, and it was necessary to make further provisions. (Incidentally, the proposed loan from South Africa to Britain is equivalent to additional gold for Britain, and it will give buying-power in the dollar area, even though formally expendable only on South African goods.)

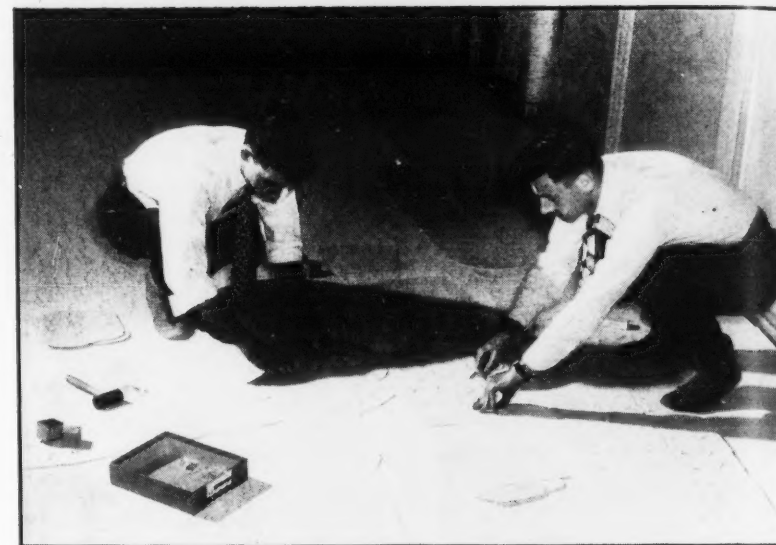
Fortunately, there is no basic difference of opinion between the U.K. and the Union, although the Rand gold producers have occasionally urged that more of their output should be made available to the "free" markets, where high premiums have been obtainable. Since the I.M.F.'s official circular asking for action to stop these premium sales the possibility that these markets would be formally recognized by the Union Government has been very remote.

(Continued on Next Page)

Ontario's Forest Inventory Will Be Complete in Three Years



A comprehensive inventory of Ontario's forest resources is being made which will cost \$1,500,000. When finished in 1950 it will give a com-



plete picture of the province's 140,000 square miles of accessible forests, showing the timber value, height, density, insect infestation, etc.



Lack of such a plan has led to wastage which, if continued, would reduce timber to a minor industry within 25 years. Pictures show (1) layout table;



(2) marking control points from known data; (3) using stereoscope on photos; (4) tracing data from picture to base map sheets. Story on P. 9.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Cocoa Beans and Steel

By P. M. RICHARDS

THE biggest price jump this column has seen so far is in cocoa beans. In pre-war 1939 they sold in New York for less than 5 cents a pound. On October 1, 1947, chocolate manufacturers paid 49 cents a pound. That's roughly a 900 per cent increase—with a 50 per cent rise scored in the last six weeks. The candy makers are fearful that the public won't pay the prices they'll have to ask to make a profit at that cost. So far they've been making chocolate from stocks of beans accumulated before the last big rises, but these will soon be running out. They survey their dwindling stocks and the high cost of renewing them at present prices, and remember that after the First Great War the price of cocoa beans climbed to 25 cents a pound and then slid off by 80 per cent by 1921.

Chocolate makers, in short, are not at all happy just now. Of course, the cocoa bean rise is exceptional. Other prices have risen, but most of them not that much. If they had kept pace with cocoa beans percentage-wise since 1939, wheat would now be worth \$10 a bushel, butter \$3.20 a pound, eggs \$3.20 a dozen and round steak \$3.60 a pound.

Even so, cost advances are making some nasty headaches for business managements. The unselfish management of Dominion Foundries and Steel Co., Ltd., Hamilton, last week shared its headache with its employees. In a statement in the plant publication, *Dofasco Illustrated News*, it said that on the basis of cost advances since January 1, 1947, the company's production costs will be increased by \$2,980,000 for the next twelve months, as compared with those of the preceding year. Dofasco is a sizable company, but this is more than a sizable increase. The statement in the employee publication said in part: "Such additional expenses will affect company earnings unless we can reduce costs by more efficient production. This is a common problem for workers and management . . ."

Prices Too High for Markets?

Like the chocolate manufacturers, this steel company fears that such dizzy cost advances will make prices too high for the markets for these products, and that the result will be reduced production, reduced employment and a general weakening of the business picture. So far business activity has been sustained by an almost insatiable demand for durable goods and the products of the "heavy" industries, but what happens

after this abnormal demand has been supplied? Industry saddled with permanently high costs for materials and labor will not be able to reduce prices to create business. That means trouble for everyone, not only management and capital. The condition we seem to be working towards is one in which there will be high wages for those working (because of union strength), and, at the same time, rising unemployment with all receivers of income, including labor, being taxed to support the unemployed. The things we see around us are evidences that inflation, that much-talked-about disease, is now actively attacking us. Actually, it's world-wide. One of the factors most preventing economic recovery in Europe is the use of government power to keep national currencies above their real market value.

"Illusionary" Social Gains

"One does not have to go beyond our own borders (U.S.) for examples of the illusionary nature of so-called social gains made by one group at the expense of the country as a whole," says Wilbert Ward, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York. "Our own bituminous coal output, since the recent wage increases, has been running steadily below the pre-strike figures, by something like a million tons a week. To validate a rise in wages and reduction of hours, there must be, if any real social gain is to result, an equivalent increase in man-hour production . . . To call it by its right name, what we are dealing with is a well-nigh world-wide movement by so-called liberal governments to push social gains to a point beyond the ability of their economies to yield and pay for the benefits which their peoples are led to expect they will receive."

So long as inflation is not so violent as completely to arrest the habit of saving, Mr. Ward pointed out, politicians can utilize it to conceal the widening gap between money and the goods it will buy, and to create the illusion of social progress by shortened hours and higher wages. The illusion is furthered by capital levies and by the taxation of inheritances and incomes to a degree which reduces enterprise capital to the vanishing point. Inflation is now developing more actively. The willingness of private capital to venture may prove to be the deciding factor in the economic conflict that has still to be resolved.

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

H.R.E., Weyburn, Sask.—Net earnings of WINNIPEG ELECTRIC CO. for the fiscal year ending Dec. 31, 1947, are expected to be better than for 1946. Gross revenue of the electric utility for the first six months of 1947 was up 8.8 per cent over the same period in 1946. W. H. Carter, president, advises. The gas division is doing better than last year, with gross revenue for the first five months of 1947 up 6.2 per cent. The railway division showed a decline in gross revenue of 1.2 per cent for the first five months of 1947. The company has declared a common dividend of 50 cents a share, payable Dec. 31, 1947, to shareholders of record Nov. 17; ex-dividend Nov. 14. This will bring the total amount disbursed in 1947 to \$1 a share, as compared with 50 cents in 1946.

R.H.P., Brandon, Man.—I agree with your selection. In my opinion shares of LEITCH GOLD MINES offer speculative attraction. Not only is the ore reserve picture a favorable one, but I believe it would show appreciation market-wise if any stimulus was offered toward increased production in the gold mining industry. Answering your other question I can state that the company plans, which as you are undoubtedly aware were delayed by the war and the continued labor shortage, are to proceed with development below the diabase sill which interrupts continuity of the vein system for a vertical depth of around 600 feet below the 1,875 level. Preparations for the proposed program were made about a year and a half ago when a new 110-foot steel headframe was put up and a new hoist installed which is sufficient to carry operations for a depth of 4,000 feet. It is expected the shaft will be deepened 1,000 feet below the present

bottom level. This will go through the remaining 500 feet of diabase, it already having been penetrated 110 feet, and will permit the establishment of three, and possibly four development levels below. Developments on the adjoining Undersill property, formerly Sand River, to the south, at levels below the diabase sill have largely removed any doubts as to the results that will be met with in the new mine to be opened. Net earnings are now running close to eight cents per share annually.

J.G.F., Montreal, Que.—Net earnings of \$155,377, equal to \$1.55½ per share were reported by CANADIAN BAKERIES LTD. for the year ended Aug. 31, 1947, comparing with \$110,208 or \$1.10 a share for the preceding year. Operating profits of \$550,455 were down from \$605,540 a year ago, while general expenses, were reduced to \$70,699 from \$96,580 and income and excess profits taxes to \$180,000 from \$271,500. Reserve for depreciation was raised to \$152,052 from \$129,484 in the year ended Aug. 31, 1946. Liquid position was strengthened, with net working capital of \$183,272 at Aug. 31, almost double \$99,275 at Aug. 31, 1946. R. W. Ward, president, says the volume continues to show an increase over previous years. Following the removal of the subsidy on wheat, an upward revision in selling price of bread was made, but at this date it is impossible to forecast what effect this increase in price will have on production.

L. G., Lindsay, Ont.—A barite property of 14 claims in Langmuir township, Night Hawk Lake area, Porcupine district, is held by WOODHALL MINES, and I am informed that all arrangements have been completed for shipping the crude ore. The com-

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Stock Market Viewpoint

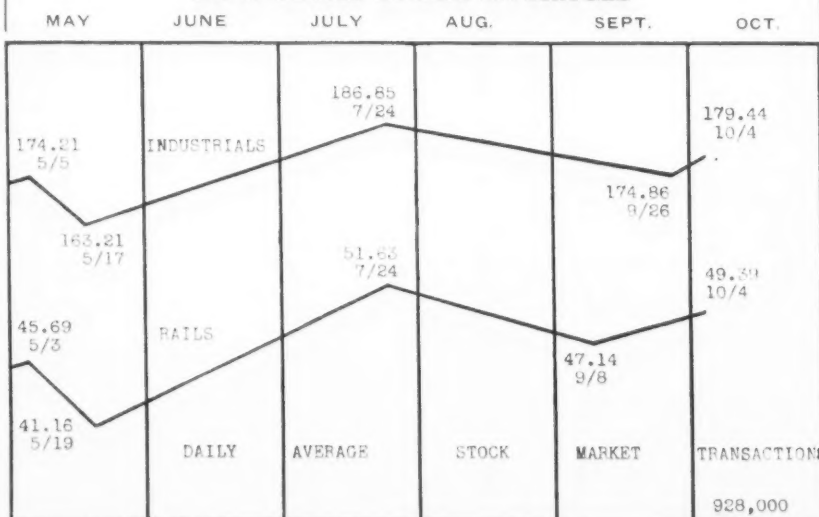
BY HARUSPEX

THE LONG-TERM N.Y. MARKET TREND: (which dominates Canadian prices.) While the decline of the last half of last year went some distance toward discounting maladjustments in the economic picture, evidence is lacking that a point of fundamental turnabout has yet been reached. Since mid-August, the market has fluctuated in narrow limits (49.41 and 47.14 on the rail average, 181.04 and 174.86 on the industrials). Decisive penetration of upper limits would indicate resumption of the intermediate upmove; penetration of lower limits, reversal of intermediate trend to a downward direction. Volume indications fall on the favorable side.

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of General Motors Corporation in the U.S.A., in a recent widely quoted interview, states that serious depression is not possible for the next two years. We agree with Mr. Sloan's judgment, which is based on the heavy goods demand in general and the automobile demand in particular. Such an outlook, however, does not preclude interim market weakness and it is doubtful if Mr. Sloan so implied. As one market commentator has pointed out, the demand to which Mr. Sloan alludes was also present early last year, when General Motors common sold at \$9, and yet it did not prevent the stock moving down to 47 in subsequent months. In other words, an unsettled situation, such as air transports, foods, merchandisers, drug chains, motion pictures, and other industries have suffered over the past six months to a year, can have an adverse, even though passing, effect on share prices, despite the fact that the major cycle is still upward.

We do not yet see that the period of industry readjustment setting in last year has run its full course, although we believe a major part of the readjustment has been effected and doubt if the full period will run beyond the early half of next year, following which resumption of general recovery should be witnessed. While recognizing that the stock market will discount the improvement in outlook, we question that the current rally represents the first step of such a broad forward trend. Nevertheless, the current move, from the intermediate viewpoint, may continue for some weeks yet.

DOW-JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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SPRINGER, STURGEON GOLD MINES LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of three cents per share has been declared by the Directors of the Company, payable in Canadian funds on January 5th, 1948, to shareholders of record at the close of business December 15th, 1947.

By Order of the Board.

W. W. McBRIEN,

Secretary-Treasurer

October 6th, 1947.

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO., LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12½ cents per share on the Class "A" shares and a quarterly dividend of 12½ cents per share and a bonus of 12½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending November 30th, 1947, payable on the 1st day of December, 1947, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 4th day of November, 1947. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian funds.

By Order of the Board.

R. G. MEEHL,

Secretary

Toronto, October 1, 1947.

DIVIDEND NOTICE BRITISH AMERICAN OIL

COMPANY **B-A** LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty-Five Cents (25c) per share has been declared on the issued No Par Value capital stock of the Company for the fourth quarter ending December 31, 1947. The above dividend is payable in Canadian funds, January 2nd, 1948, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 4th day of December, 1947.

H. H. BRONSDON

Secretary

Dated at Toronto, October 8th, 1947.

pany's program calls for shipments of crude barite and the establishment of a barium industry in Canada, however, you will realize you will have to decide for yourself whether or not you purchase stock in the company. It is planned to build a grinding mill, a plant for the production of lithopone and a chemical plant to produce barium chemicals. A stockpile of approximately 1,500 tons of high grade barite has been built up at the property and I understand orders are on hand from the United States and Canada. Ample finances are reported available and officials are confident that the future of the new industry is assured. A substantial tonnage of barite ore is indicated, some 300,000 tons having previously been estimated as developed in two parallel veins. The veins have been opened up for about a mile in length and proved to a depth of 500 feet, with a width of 6½ to 7½ feet. In May, 1947, the company had over \$37,000 in cash and close to \$24,000 in other current assets, while current liabilities were under \$1,000.

D.N.T., Lindsay, Ont. — DOMINION MALTING CO., LTD., reported net per share of \$1.36 for the year ended July 31, 1947, against 93 cents for the previous year. Net profit advanced from \$116,001 to \$148,731 and working capital was up from \$938,785 to \$1,016,039. The plant operated at full capacity all the year and volume of sales was considerably increased over the previous year.

K. S., Warton, Ont. — I have no record of any activity on the part of MASCOT MALARTIC MINES for a couple of years, nor have I heard of any plans for the future. Some surface work and several thousand feet of diamond drilling were completed in 1944-45. The company holds the controlling interest in Louvibec

Mines, with a property in Louvicourt township, Quebec, but it, too, is inactive.

W. W. W., Toronto, Ont. — As far as I am aware KEKEKO GOLD MINES holds no mining property. I have seen no recent report on its activities, but understand it has a small amount of other assets. The head office of the company is at Room 1006, 100 Adelaide St., West, Toronto.

J. E. M., Brandon, Man. — If the Wallace you refer to is WALLACE LAKE GOLD MINES, the Manitoba charter of this company was cancelled quite a few years ago. As regards WELLS LONGLAC MINES, it went into voluntary liquidation. I suggest you communicate with the liquidator, Rutherford Williamson & Co., 66 King Street, West, Toronto. I understand holders of Wells Longlac received 12½ cents in cash and one share of Magnet Consolidated Mines for each five shares owned.

A.E.L., Atlantic City, N.J. — I understand that NEW ARNTFIELD MINES has already received more than \$10,000 under its new financing arrangements and that the management expects soon to be able to complete its development program. The mine is being kept dry and is ready for immediate resumption when sufficient finances are available. The mine workings, several miles in extent and serviced by the No. 2 shaft, 1,100 feet deep, and the No. 4 winze for two additional levels, will require a substantial scale of operation to ensure economical costs. It is for this reason the re-opening of the mine is being delayed as it is desired to drive four development headings simultaneously when work is resumed. It is stated by R. V. Arntfield, general manager, that a series of eight drill holes and a hundred or more feet of new lateral work on the recently established

11th and 12th horizons indicate that most of these headings should be continuously in ore for several hundred feet. The intention is later to deepen the No. 4 winze to the 15th level. The deep development of the New Arntfield property holds interest because of its geological situation.

B.M.E., Calgary, Alta. — COAST BREWERIES LTD. had the best year in its history in the fiscal year ended June, 1947 when net earnings were in the neighborhood of \$715,000, or approximately 40 cents a share on the capital stock, compared with \$440,302, or 24.4 cents a share, for previous fiscal year. The current dividend of six cents a share is payable Nov. 1, and no difficulty is anticipated in maintaining this rate of 24 cents a share per annum. Sales in the current year are running ahead of the year ended June 30 last, and it is understood that the volume of business in July was roughly \$100,000 ahead of the same month a year ago.

R.C.P., Moncton, N.B. — The property of JELLICOE MINES (1939) Ltd. consisting of 80 patented claims in Lindsley and Errington townships, Little Long Lac area, is still retained, but no activity is being carried out. I understand the bulk of the plant and equipment have been

sold. Operations were discontinued over seven years ago after development to a depth of 500 feet failed to warrant further work. The company reported current assets at April 30, 1947, taking investments at market

value, as \$85,328 against no current liabilities. The company retains a participating interest in a number of syndicates. Of the authorized capital of 3,000,000 shares 1,940,839 were issued at last report.

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The Stock Appraiser

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things: (1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Appraiser—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question. An Investment Formula provides a definite plan for the second.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK APPRAISER divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments
GROUP "C"—Speculations

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

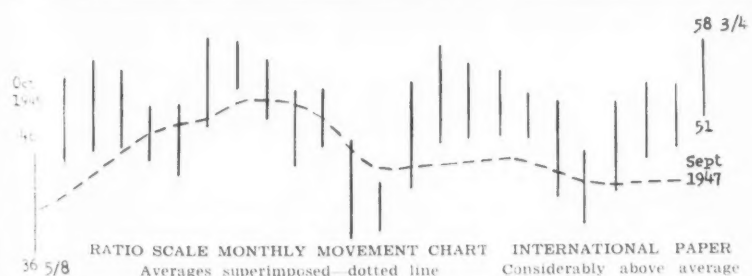
1. FAVORABLE
2. AVERAGE or
3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated as Favorable has considerably more attraction than one with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks rated Favorable, with due regard to timing because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY

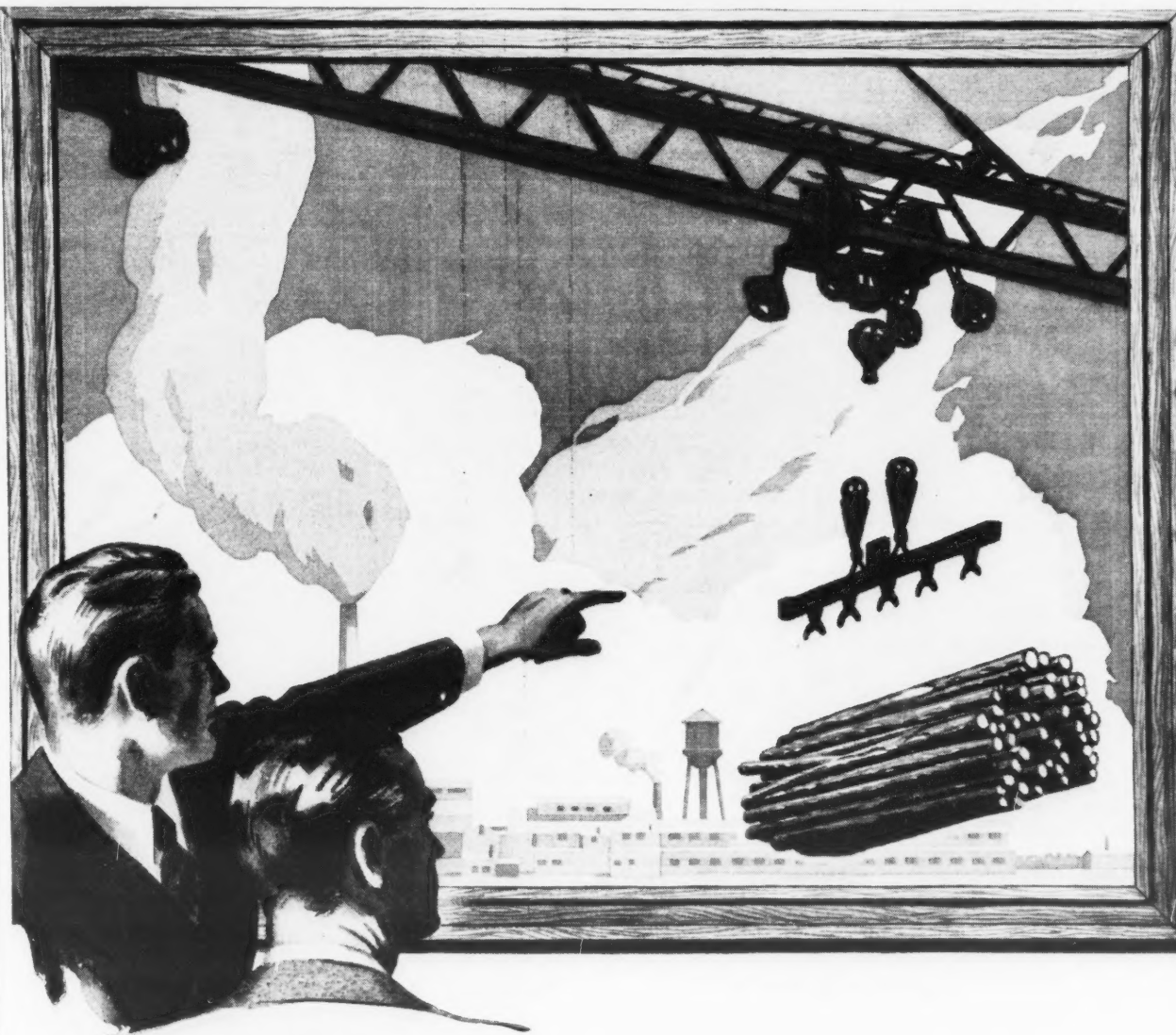
PRICE 30th Sept., '47	— \$58.50	Averages	Inter. Paper
YIELD	— 5.1%	Unch	Up 13.0%
GROUP	— "C"	Last 12 months	Down 4.2%
RATING	— Above	Last 12 months	Up 36.0%
	Average	1942-46 range	Up 527.2%
	96	Down 23.1%	Down 33.4%
INVESTMENT INDEX	— 96	1946-47 range	



SUMMARY:—The last analysis of International Paper was made one year ago this month and at that time it was rated a better-than-average speculation. A recapitulation of its movements during that twelve month interval shows that our rating was not only justified, but was actually conservative.

Students of relative velocity figures were furnished in July of this year with comparative figures that distinctly pointed to International Paper as a very favorable stock to hold.

For a year past, the Industrial Average has fluctuated within a very narrow range. This writer has no intention of guessing where it will be in a month or in six months. But, if it only maintains reasonable stability, it can be forecast with some assurance that International Paper will continue to be a better-than-average speculation. Just one word of caution—please note its extreme advance from its 1942 low of \$9.25.



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ABOUT INSURANCE

Questions Which Come Before Courts in Insurance Cases

By GEORGE GILBERT

Among the important questions which come up when a claim is made for payment of a loss under a policy of insurance is whether the insurance was actually in force at the time of the happening of the loss and whether the particular loss is covered under the terms of the contract.

Of course the time to make sure that there has been no failure to keep the insurance in force by payment of the required premiums when due, and that the insurance you have provides the coverage you need, is before a loss occurs, as it will be too late thereafter.

ONE of the questions which sometimes arise in connection with claims made under insurance policies is whether the policy was in force at the date of the happening of the accident or other contingency insured against. In a recent case which was taken to the Appellate Division of the Alberta Supreme Court, the holder of an accident insurance policy sustained a bodily injury by accidental means on May 4, 1942, and died therefrom.

Under his policy the premiums were payable quarterly, the last due date prior to the accident being May

1, 1942. There was default in the payment of this premium, but it was paid and accepted on May 8, 1942. The receipt given for it stated that if payment was made after the date to which premium had already been paid, the payment reinstated the policy "on and from the date of this receipt as provided in the policy." The prior premium had been paid on Feb. 18, 1942, and during the ten terms the policy was in force either by renewal or reinstatement, five of the quarterly premiums were paid on or before the due date and five were paid and accepted after the due date.

Claimant Loses on Appeal

At the trial of the action before the Trial Division of the Alberta Supreme Court, judgment was given in favor of the claimant, but the insurance association took the case to the Appeal Division, which reversed the judgment of the Trial Division. It held that the contention that the payment and acceptance of the premium on Feb. 18 kept the deceased covered until May 18 was untenable, as the receipt given for the premium paid on Feb. 18 stated that another premium would be due on May 1.

It also held that the contention that the course of conduct of the parties had the effect of waiving the requirement for payment on the due dates and that the payment made and accepted after May 1 effected a continuous renewal, and not merely a reinstatement of a lapsed policy, was answered by the terms of the policy and of the receipts given from time to time. The policy, it held, provided that acceptance of a premium after a default would reinstate the policy but only to cover injuries "thereafter sustained" and the reference to reinstatement in each receipt contained the words "as provided in the policy." (1946 3 W.W.R. 558.)

Excluded from Cover

In another case action was taken by the insured owner of leased premises against an insurance company under either or both of two policies—an elevator public liability policy and an owner's liability policy—for indemnity against a claim for personal injuries, adjusted and settled by negotiation, suffered by an employee of the lessee, who fell through an opening between the door-sill and the platform of a freight elevator while carrying a package of merchandise from a loading plat-

form outside the building to the elevator, which he was operating.

This loading platform was new construction work undertaken by the owner and unfinished as to the gap inside the building, between the sliding door and the elevator platform, about 14" in width, which was filled in after the accident. The insurance company contended (1) that the accident did not occur on the premises insured, or (2) that the accident arose out of structural alterations expressly excluded by the policy, or (3) that the claimants failed to give the insurance company immediate notice in writing of the accident. It was held by the Ontario High Court of Justice, Nov. 14, 1946, (1) that the accident did occur upon the insured premises, and (2) on conflicting evidence, that the new construction (the loading platform) was unfinished, and that the exclusions of both policies relieved the insurance company from liability for this accident found to arise therefrom. This particular accident, it was held, could not have occurred except for the building of the platform. The action was dismissed with costs. (1946 I.L.R. 126.)

In another case involving personal property insurance, the British Columbia Supreme Court held that a person having an insurable interest in property may insure the property not only on his own behalf but also on behalf of other persons interested in the property. The precise nature

of the interest to support insurance is immaterial, it was held, and where the interest of the insured and his relation to the property is such that he will be benefited by its continued existence, or will suffer a direct pecuniary loss by its destruction, the insurance will be valid although the insured has no legal or equitable title. A husband has an insurable interest in property belonging to his wife when they are living together and sharing its use, and a parent has an insurable interest in property belonging to a dependent child.

Rights of Other Parties

Further, it was held that where a person with a limited interest in property insures the property, other parties interested therein may recover their loss by action in their own names if—(1) the policy contains a clause showing that the contract is more than a contract of mere personal indemnity on behalf of the named insured; (2) the others inter-

ested for whose benefit the contract is made are in existence and ascertainable at the time the contract is made; (3) there was an intention by the named insured to insure on their behalf; and (4) the others authorized or subsequently ratified the contract.

In such circumstances the named insured acts as agent for the others in effecting the insurance, and ratification, it was held, may be before or after loss. While over-valuation of property lost or destroyed or over-estimate of damage in a proof of loss is some evidence of fraud barring the claim, it was held that it is by no means conclusive and will not vitiate the claim unless it is shown to be fraudulently or dishonestly made. (1945 D.L.R. 593.)

In another case, the question was whether a policy of fire insurance was in force when a fire occurred. Certain manufacturing equipment, stored in an Edmonton building, was insured against fire by the claimant who in May, 1943, moved to and re-

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E. D. GOODERHAM, President A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

NOTICE

is hereby given that the Security National Insurance Company has received from the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, Certificate of Registry No. C1106, authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of PERSONAL PROPERTY INSURANCE, in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

J. H. RIDDEL,
Managing Director

NOTICE

is hereby given that the London-Canada Insurance Company has been granted by the Dominion Insurance Department, Ottawa, Certificate of Registry No. C1105 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Inland Transportation Insurance, in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

B. W. BALLARD,
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mained at Moose Jaw. The expiry date of the policy was in July, 1943, and prior thereto the Edmonton agents through whom the insurance was placed tried unsuccessfully to contact the claimant. They then purported to issue a renewal policy for a period from July 10, 1943, to July 10, 1944, forwarded it to the claimant, and thereafter sent monthly accounts for the premium, all without any acknowledgment. By letter of Jan. 18, 1944, in reply to the agents' letter of Jan. 11, the claimant wrote the Edmonton agents that he did not intend to renew the policy. The agents wrote a reply complaining of this treatment, requested return of the policy and asked for one-half of the premium on the ground that the renewal had been in force for six months. No reply was received.

On Feb. 1, 1944, the equipment was damaged by fire to the extent of \$1,200, and the claimant, after learning of the fire, paid the full premium to the agents. The agents thereafter learned of the fire and tendered to the claimant return of the premium, which the claimant refused to accept, and brought action to recover on the renewal policy. It was held by the Alberta Supreme Court that the claimant's letter of Jan. 18, 1944, had cancelled the policy, and that once the subject matter of the insurance was destroyed, the subsequent dealings of the parties did not revive the policy. (1945 I.L.R. 122).

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to get a report on a company called the Royal Guardians, with head office in Montreal, showing its financial position according to Government figures. I think it was organized as a fraternal society but later became a mutual company. If so, can you inform me when the change took place and the date of the original organization? What rate of interest does it earn on its investments?

—E.C.B., Ottawa, Ont.

The Royal Guardians, with head office in Montreal, was organized in 1908 and incorporated in Quebec as a fraternal benefit society. In 1910 it was reincorporated by Act of the Dominion Parliament, which was amended in 1923 to authorize the society to become a mutual life insurance company. It operates under Dominion registry and is regularly licensed to transact the business of life insurance. According to Government figures, its assets at the end of 1946 amounted to \$1,238,850, while its liabilities totalled \$1,211,502 showing an excess of assets over liabilities of \$27,354. Its life insurance in force amounted to \$7,314,936, of which \$4,852,026 was ordinary life insurance, \$408,051 was industrial life insurance, and \$2,054,259 was group life insurance. Its income in 1946 was \$258,714 and its expenditure, \$208,760. With respect to the rate of interest on investments, latest figures available are for the year 1945, when the average rate of interest earned on its mean net longer assets was 4.55 per cent. The company operates on the legal reserve basis and all claims are readily collectable.

News of the Mines

(Continued from Page 27)


lengths and values and within the next year this ore source is expected to furnish adequate mill-feed to allow an increase from 100 to 200 tons per day. It is obvious that some time must elapse before dividends can be resumed by this Bridge River producer. However, development of the "27" has revived hopes of shareholders and the main question at the moment is how long it will take to open up the new orebodies. In spite of the long-drawn out strike and labor shortages good progress has been made in developing what may be a new mine in the making on the lower levels, which a few years ago were regarded as becoming a salvage operation. A tonnage estimate of the "27" vein awaits blocking out of the ore, shareholders were told at the annual meeting, but it was admitted the general outlook for the mine had

improved greatly. Since that time continuing development of the "27" vein, and particularly at the 25-level has produced excellent results. A couple of months ago the vein on the 25-level had been drifted on for a total length of over 1,700 feet showing good widths of well-mineralized quartz over almost the whole distance. The pioneer management conservatively estimated that of this length an aggregate of 1,200 feet of ore had been developed, of which the first 1,000 feet in ore sections gave an average width of almost 5½ feet and an average grade of 0.69 ounces gold per ton. Some very high grade individual assays were obtained.

A program of surface mapping and detailed geologizing carried out during the summer by Groundhog Gold Mines, on its property of 32 claims in the Horwood Lake area, has located several interesting structures

that justify exploration. Although Colin A. Campbell, consulting engineer, had reported sufficient ore indicated to warrant going underground, it was decided to geologize the whole property for additional chances before putting down a shaft. The work underway during the summer followed the drilling of the original discovery vein with 31 holes last winter and spring. This drilling gave an average grade of \$10.73 across a width of 3.4 feet for a length of 1,000 feet, with both the north and south extensions of the vein still open. Another quartz-porphphy dike, similar in appearance to the one associated with the discovery vein, has been located in mapping about 400 feet to the east. On completion of mapping Mr. Campbell will make a detailed inspection which will guide future exploration. Drilling may be resumed this winter.

(Continued on Page 32)



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MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY

Agency Inquiries Invited

B. C. DAHLMANN, Res. Vice-Pres., Concourse Bldg., Toronto, Elgin 3355



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PRAIRIE LETTER

Port Churchill Establishes New Record for Grain Shipments

By P. W. DEMPSON

Port Churchill.

THE navigation season at Port Churchill has ended, and the aim of the Hudson Bay Route Association to ship 16,000,000 bushels of wheat to Europe has fallen far short of the mark. But exponents of this northern sea lane, the shortest there is to the United Kingdom for Prairie farmers, are not disappointed. While the total carried by 15 vessels was only 4,975,754 bushels, it represents nevertheless an increase of 682,754 bushels over the previous grain export record of 4,293,000 bushels in 1936.

And that's not all. It means, too, that Churchill this year reached the stature of Canada's second largest wheat exporting port. Normally Vancouver holds this honor. But because of a depletion of stocks when the new crop year started August 1 and wet weather in Alberta, which halted deliveries from that province to the west coast port, wheat exports fell below average.

While exports through Churchill showed an improvement, the import situation is discouraging. This will have to be remedied if the port is to pay its way. Cargoes into Canada totalled a bare 200 tons.

The Hudson Bay Route Association is currently endeavoring to have western concerns utilize Churchill as a major importing base on a greater scale next season. Simultaneously it is planning to ship to Europe in 1948 such commodities as sodium sulphate, horse meat, seeds, poultry and furs, in addition to grain and lumber that were shipped this year.

The big obstacle to be overcome to make Churchill self-supporting is the length of the navigation season. Ordinarily it opens late in July and closes two months later. The season could be extended through a system of sluices permitting water from the Churchill River to flow out in Hudson Bay without carrying with it the slush ice which forms in the river long before the bay normally becomes a navigational hazard.

The Customer Is Always . . .

Saskatchewan's C.C.F. government has been warding off all attacks against the province's highways by claiming they are no worse than those elsewhere in the West. That may be so. The fact remains, however, that although the flow of automobile traffic into Canada surged to a new record in the first seven months of 1947, Saskatchewan was the only province that did not show an increase. The number of foreign vehicles which crossed into Saskatchewan through its 13 ports of entry during January-July was 10,926, compared with 11,392 in the corresponding period a year ago.

No doubt the lack of good roads is probably the main reason why tourists are staying away. But visitors have complained bitterly about the shortage of tourist accommodation, not only at beaches and resorts but in cities, towns and villages.

Boogie-Woogie Course

The little red schoolhouse on the Saskatchewan plains is going modern. Included in the 1947-48 curriculum for Grades 9 and 10 is a special course in music exploration. And if you ask Department of Education officials just what this consists of, you'll learn that students in these two grades are due to get a good musical grounding this term in boogie-woogie and the blues, in jive and in jazz.

Emphasis is to be placed on singing, tonette playing and the use of rhythm instruments. Swing records by such leaders in the field as Sammy Kaye, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Artie Shaw are to be heard in the classrooms.

All this may seem somewhat ridiculous, but the idea back of the new course is to give students an oppor-

tunity of studying present day song-dance music objectively. As the program of studies points out, " . . . Many students are at the 'dance crazy' stage today. If the course is taught properly, it should develop among them a more critical attitude of what constitutes good music."

Hutterites Peeved

Alberta's Hutterites, peeved because of a new provincial law which restricts their expansion, plan to forsake Canada for the United States. Already they have started two new colonies or "Bruderhofs" in Montana, and at least two other groups are negotiating for the purchase of farm lands in that state.

The German-speaking Hutterites total 4,000 in 33 colonies concentrated in southwestern Alberta. The legislation enacted last spring bans extension of present colonies and forbids establishment of new Bruderhofs

within 40 miles of any previously-settled group.

This law replaces a wartime ban against purchase or lease of land by members of the religious sect. The step was taken following protests that the pacifist Hutterites were expanding their holdings rapidly on war-time profits and giving veterans no chance to acquire preferred land when discharged.

The Hutterites claim they need more land to alleviate overcrowding. They are taking the stand that if the Alberta government will not permit them to expand their colonies, they will move some place where this right is not denied them.

Church on Wheels

Helping to spread the gospel throughout the rural areas of western Canada is the Church of England's Sunday School caravan, now in its 27th consecutive year of operation. Organized in the spring of 1920 by energetic Miss Eva Hasell, a former driver for the British Red Cross in the First Great War, this "Sunday school on wheels" at present consists of 25 vans.

Miss Hasell, still in charge, founded the Sunday school van system in Saskatchewan to provide religious instruction for young people in outlying districts.

The caravan, which makes its headquarters at Winnipeg, is on the move from early summer until freeze-up. Already some of the vans have headed in for the winter. Practically all the women who serve in it are volunteers from Great Britain. They receive no remuneration, only their food, clothing and travelling expenses. Each van covers approximately 3,000 miles every season, most of it over rough, country roads. Reports show that about 5,000 new members are enrolled annually.

News of the Mines

(Continued from Page 31)

Ogama-Rockland Gold Mines, in the Rice Lake area of Manitoba, is reported purchasing the Gunnar Gold Mines mill. The mill which has a rated capacity of 150 tons daily will be transported over the winter road to the property and milling is expected to commence about next June. The shaft at Ogama has been completed to a depth of 775 feet and three new levels established at 500-, 625 and 750 feet and early results on the new horizons indicate that the vein is persisting to depth, with expectations that development will open the same type of high grade ore as was found on the three higher levels. It is believed possible that develop-

ment in the next few months will double the present tonnage estimate of 57,000 tons of \$15 ore opened on the first three levels.



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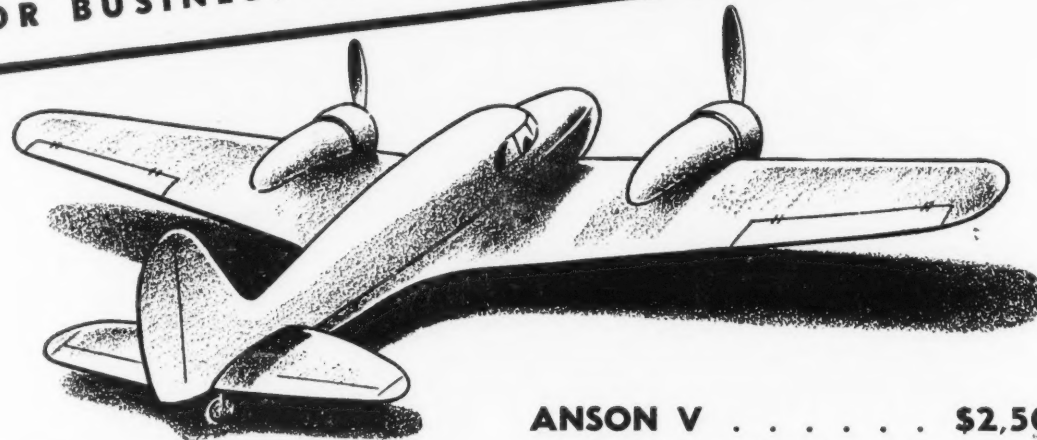
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